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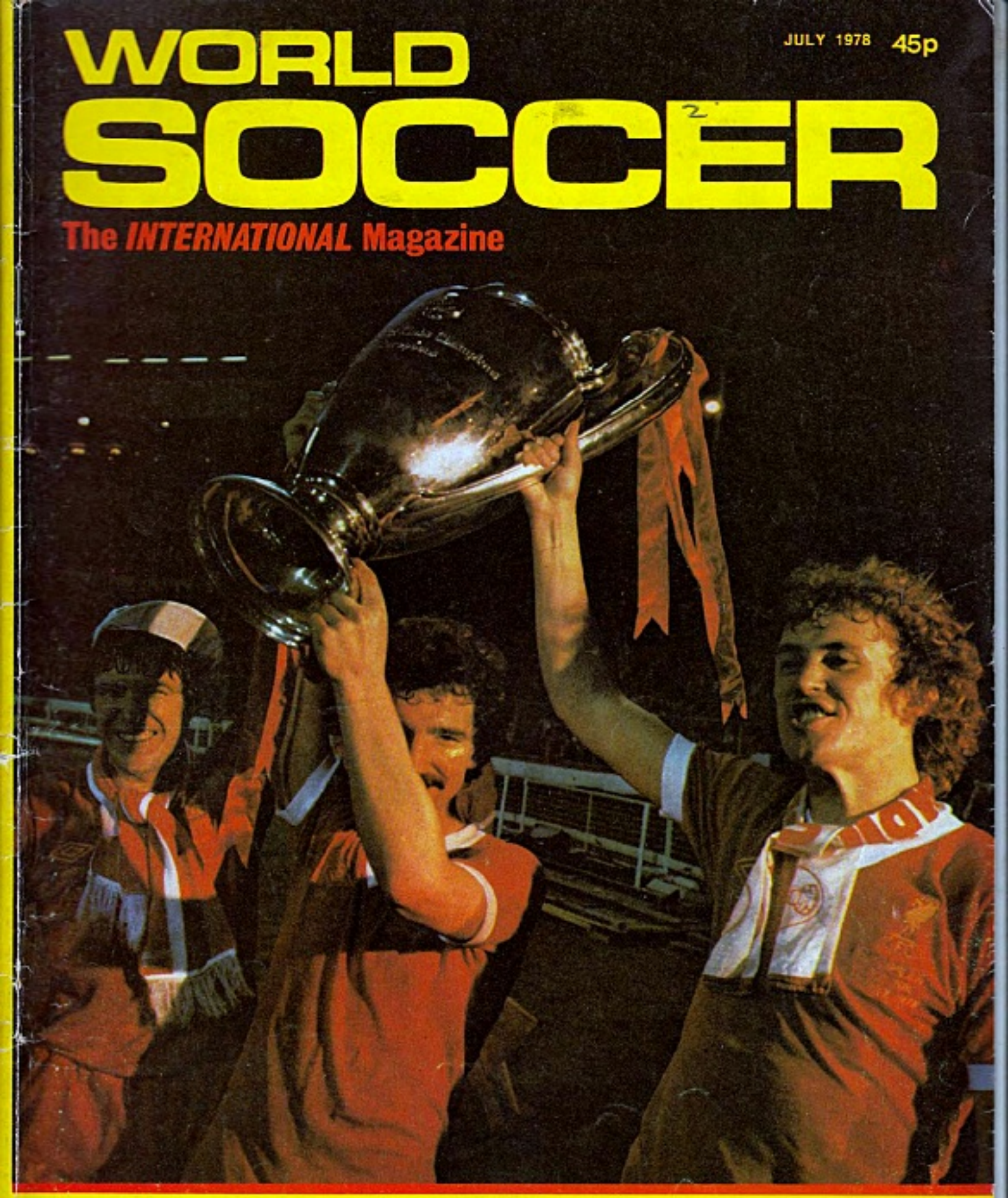

Argentina '78

WORLD CUP Report and Pictures

PFAAF of Beveren with the Belgian cup

World SOCCER

1978 WORLD CUP FINAL, Buenos Aires, June 25

ARGENTINA!

Unlucky Holland lose again

ROBBERY, with violence — the first by Argentina and the second by both World Cup Finalists on and off the ball — will only serve to underline the place the 1978 epic must hold in soccer history.

from KEIR RADNEDGE

Yet it's a tragic paradox that while the International Court of Justice happens to be in Holland, for a second time Rudi Krol and Co. were denied the victory they so manifestly deserved.

After being beaten 2-1 in 1974 by West Germany, the Dutch era must now surely be at an end after the failure against all the odds in the River Plate Stadium, Buenos Aires.

The result emphasised again that where there is no single outstanding side in the World Cup, the hosts have an almighty advantage.

And if Holland are bitter in defeat, they have every excuse after the cynical tricks pulled by the Argentines and the organisers before the football had even begun.

It was unforgivable — and FIFA should investigate — that the Dutch team should have been allowed to walk out on their own before the start. It was unforgivable that they should have been kept waiting five minutes by their ill-mannered hosts. And it was unforgivable of the Argentines to make such a calculated fuss about Rene van der Kerkhof's arm injury protection.

All this, after the Argentine team and more especially their fans and the people of their country, had been such attentive hosts. It left a sad taste in the mouth.

But that initial drama will also add to the legend of this game and World Cup Finals in general. It was no classic football match. It was a battle. But there were so many heroes it's hard to know where to start.

But begin instead with the most displeasing figure, Italian referee Sergio Gonella. The bank director was a compromise choice named by Referee's Committee Supremo Artemio Franchi after both sides failed to agree.

Unfortunately Franchi's confidence was not borne out. Gonella, more than any of the players, showed himself the most nervously affected individual on the pitch. I suppose it was fitting, after a tournament in which refereeing standards have declined so lamentably after the improvements of 1970 and 1974.

This was a game with an average of a free kick every 90 seconds. But Gonella's judgement varied so widely that at times he penalised any form of bodily contact.

As it was he awarded 20 free kicks for fouls against Argentina and 46 against the Dutch. The Argentines he penalised seven times for offside, the Dutch ten times.

The Dutch were certainly the more openly rugged of the sides, but Gonella and his linesmen — Erich Linemayr and Ramon Baretto — must carry a lot of blame for the off-the-ball incidents which were left unpunished.

Too many times a stray elbow would catch a player in the face. Too many times a malicious shove in the back followed a tackle. Too many times Gonella just wasn't in touch with what was going on. There were four bookings but they were far too late for Gonella to re-establish control.

But let's forget about Gonella. Fortunately he wasn't involved in any controversial moments on the goals. Aside from the organisational provocation the Dutch felt, it remains to be said that they didn't win because of their own failings in front of goal. As simple as that.

Johnny Rep had a clear header after six minutes, and saw Ubaldo Fillol make an excellent save from a shot in the 27th. Fillol saved brilliantly with his foot from Rob Rensenbrink almost on half-time, and after all their second-half pressure which culminated in Dick Naninga's 81st-minute

● Continued overleaf

Argentina captain Daniel Passarella, lofted high by Argentine fans, holds the World Cup trophy.

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Liverpool celebrate their victory over FC Bruges in the 1978 European Cup Final.

Battle of River Plate

equaliser to Mario Kempes' first-half goal, in the last minute of normal time Rensenbrink hit the post.

For the Dutch those moments won't bear thinking about. But Kempes it was who turned himself not only into the Argentine hero but into the tournaments top scorer with six goals when he scored the second in the 14th minute of extra time and then laid on Daniel Bertoni's clincher in the 25th.

Kempes was, for me, the player of the tournament. Too much of his time he spent idling lazily on the fringes of play, but when he decided the time was ripe for another burst, few defenders could get near him.

His opening goal was beautifully conceived and taken. Two square passes came in from the left, from Osvaldo Ardiles and Leopoldo Luque, there was a defensive hesitation, and Kempes slipped in to sidestep a defender and beat Jongbloed from close range.

His second goal was similar. This time he took the pass from Bertoni and had to scramble over Jongbloed to put the ball in at second attempt. Finally he worked the one-two with Bertoni which saw the Independiente winger tie up the title.

Argentina are World Champions, after appearing in the final only once before, in 1930 across the River Plate in Montevideo, when they lost 4-2 to Uruguay in the first final of all.

● *Continued from previous page*

The Dutch worked bravely to try to deny them. In Rudi Krol, Johan Neeskens, Arie Haan and Willy van der Kerkhof they had players whose skill, stamina and self-sacrifice confirmed them as giants of present-day football.

But having poured all this praise on the Dutch — the better team on the day, with greater class and poise — what about our new World Champions?

For one thing, the Argentines showed far greater consistency throughout the finals. The Dutch played inconsistently in the first round — rank badly against Scotland — thrashed Austria, drew well with West Germany, then scraped in against Italy.

Argentina started the tournament at 100 mph and stepped up the tempo as the finals went on. The odd point was that, come the Final, they slowed down. For a long time it looked as if they had given their all getting to the last day and had nothing left to offer.

That might have been true for some of the players. But there were others who were suberb. Fillol in goal for a start. Some might say he was lucky to save with his foot from Rensenbrink but he had spread himself well, and was exceptionally quick to scramble across. The best goalkeeper of the tournament? Perhaps the final made him just that.

Then there was skipper Daniel Passarella, one of the most physically fearful players in the finals. Not just for his tackling, but for his total commitment to the cause of Argentina which too often took him not only beyond the call of duty, but beyond the rules too.

Passarella had been a disappointment to himself in the earlier games, but in the final he was tremendous. He might even have had a couple of goals in the first half with his powerful raids upfield.

Then Americo Gallego. Very much the unsung player, but a key man tactically. It was Gallego's solid work back in the centre of defence which kept Argentina on an even keel in the second half. Alongside him in midfield Ardiles had his best game of the Finals, too, until the constant hacking which he had suffered from the start of the tournament, forced his substitution.

And if for once Luque was a disappointment, well covered by Erny Brandts and then Willy van der Kerkhof, as the Dutch pushed forward in the second half, there was always the danger of Bertoni leaving his markers behind on the slippery pitch.

There were always going to be goals in the game. Neither defence was particularly sound and the Argentines bravely maintained their all-out philosophy by maintaining three men

Mario Kempes (10) scores the opening goal of the 1978 World Cup Final, slipping the ball beneath Dutch goalkeeper Jan Jongbloed.

World Cup Final... as it happened

6 mins — Rep heads wide from Haan free kick on left. Bad miss.

15 — Krol booked for tripping Bertoni.

16 — Jongbloed saves well from Passarella free kick.

20 — Luque wastes good heading chance.

21 — Kempes free kick wide, after Neeskens foot-up on Ortiz.

25 — Olguin cross and Passarella is in quickly but shoots too high.

27 — Fillol flips Rep shot over the bar.

30 — Galvan sends Bertoni clear through, but shoots wide.

36 — Jongbloed tips over awkward looping header from Olguin.

38 — Ardiles to Luque to Kempes, who sidesteps defender and scores — 1-0.

40 — Ardiles booked for retaliation against Rene van der Kerkhof.

44 — Passarella badly wastes heading chance from Kempes free kick.

45 — Fillol saves with foot from Rensenbrink.

46 — Ardiles hurt by Neeskens tackle.

SECOND HALF

52 — Fillol stops typical 30-yard drive from Haan.

56 — Jongbloed just beats Luque to Bertoni cross and concedes corner.

66 — No penalty says referee after Galvan shove on Nanninga.

73 — Rensenbrink curls free kick round wall, but Fillol is in the way.

76 — Neeskens heads wide and bumps head with Tarantini. Both hurt.

81 — Rene van der Kerkhof goes round defence and Nanninga heads in his cross — 1-1.

84 — Long through ball by Krol, but Rensenbrink hits the post.

EXTRA TIME — First Half

4 — Suurbier booked for bringing down Bertoni.

6 — Poortvliet booked for tripping Kempes.

11 — Houseman goes clear but Jongbloed saves well.

14 — Bertoni releases to Kempes, who goes through and scrambles his shot into goal at second attempt despite Jongbloed's challenge — 2-1.

EXTRA TIME — Second Half

21 — Luque robs Krol and runs clear but Jongbloed saves well again.

25 — Beautiful one-two by Kempes and Bertoni, and Bertoni scores from close range — 3-1.

up in attack even when the defence was under pressure.

That is all to the credit of 39-year-old Cesar Luis Menotti, the manager who stepped down after the Final, having won one of the greatest triumphs of all.

Menotti took over four years ago knowing that his responsibility was to change the face of Argentine soccer. He had to instil a sense of fair play and a desire to attack, attack, attack in players whose clubs wanted only defensive football and sharp practice.

Victory for Argentina was a grand triumph for Menotti, and if the neutrals left the River Plate Stadium in sadness for Holland, it is truly an ill-wind which blows nobody any good.

Talent

For decades Argentina has been the greatest producer of skilled footballers in the world. For too long these skills have been hidden by the win-at-all-costs attitude of too many directors and managers. Here's hoping that Menotti's example will set the tone for a new age in Argentine soccer.

Just as the Dutch have given our game so much, so Argentina has the resources and talent too.

The World Cup caravan now packs up until Spain in four years time. The considered opinions and the post-mortems we will make after the sense of drama and occasion has subsided. These finals we are laying to rest produced much good football and exciting goals, even if there was no single individual to set us alight.

But the culmination of four years was a match of passion, steel, tension and drama . . . and what more dare one ask of a World Cup Final?

Argentina: Fillol — Olguin, Luis Galvan, Passarella (capt), Tarantini — Ardiles (Larrosa 66), Gallego, Kempes — Bertoni, Luque, Ortiz (Houseman 74).

Holland: Jongbloed — Jansen (Suurbier 72), Krol, Brandts, Poortvliet — W. van der Kerkhof, Haan, Neeskens — R. van der Kerkhof, Rep (Nanninga 58), Rensenbrink.

Referee: Sergio Gonella (Italy).

Daniel Bertoni scores the third goal for Argentina against Holland in extra time of the 1978 World Cup Final.

Brazilian players after third place victory over Italy.

Third Place match — report page 49

Argentina 78 — THE OPENING — Argentina 78

What a poor start

From Keir Radnedge in Buenos Aires

West Germany 0 Poland 0
(Group Two)

I expected it to be bad — but I didn't expect the World Cup's opening game to be quite as awful as it turned out.

Up to 1974 it was the host nation who had always taken the dubious honour of sharing the grand send-off match. Then, for the first time in West Germany, arrangements were changed because it was felt that the pressure of being host nation was too much.

The new arrangements are clearly no better. By the time we move on to Spain in 1982 it will be 20 years since a goal was scored in the first match. A 0-0 draw has sent us off in 1966 with England-Uruguay, in 1970 with Mexico-Russia, in 1974 with Brazil-Yugoslavia, and now in 1978 history repeated itself.

For both teams a draw, on paper at least, was the ideal result. That left both free to concentrate on trying to beat Mexico and Tunisia and run up some goals — so they hoped! — to decide how they should go on into the second round.

Perhaps FIFA might consider another idea for 1982. Have the speeches, the displays, the dancing, the youth parades, at another time. Spare all that build up from the first game.

Flag-waving

I found all the ceremony a little nauseating. The flag-waving patterns I enjoyed, the calisthenics — those kids must have been as fit as the teams after all their rehearsals — I found too long, and the speeches were at least kept reasonably short.

But it all served to emphasise that the actual football is now only a small part of the World Cup circus. It came almost as an intrusion when Angel Norberto Coerezza blew his whistle and West Germany and Poland started kicking a ball around.

Football? What's that got to do with the World Cup? The great industry which the finals have become seems somehow to have dwarfed the games themselves.

Certainly this was no game to remember. There were 77,000 fans in the River Plate stadium with nothing to shout about — except late in the game when they were more than justified in voicing their disapproval of the quality of the game they were watching.

And it wasn't that either the Germans or Poles were playing out-and-out safety first. It was the sheer fact that the football they played was bad. More passes went astray than found their man; there were few clear goal attempts and still fewer on target. It was all very disappointing.

West German manager Helmut Schoen had said before the game that several of his players — notably Bonhof and Vogts — were still tired from their long tough season. Bonhof had the worst game I've ever seen him play; and Klaus Fischer was non-existent.

For the Poles, who did bring the few sparks of life this game possessed, Gorgon was — save on one occasion — a cool and economic defender; Deyna worked hard to try to use the acres of space the Germans allowed him in midfield. But their attack too was stunted by determined, if not impressive, defensive work.

The Poles claimed the three nearest occasions to a goal. Moments before half-time Rolf Russmann pushed Wlodek Lubanski in the back, and Sepp Maier did well to block Deyna's swerving free kick; in the 58th minute Lubanski cut in from the right and only Maier's legs prevented Deyna scoring; another 11 minutes and Andrzej Szarmach was a fraction of a second too late as a Deyna free kick sped across the face of the goal.

For a few minutes the Poles suddenly realised that if they wanted to they could win this game. They had been the better team, with the less bad individuals. But the substitution of midfielder Zbigniew Boniek for forward Lubanski hardly increased their striking power in the closing stages and the crowds were reduced to chants of 'Argentina, Argentina,' to keep themselves entertained.

Incidentally, although the stadium capacity is 77,260 there were quite a lot of empty seats clearly visible. Presumably because of block bookings where people wanted tickets for some of the later matches.

The most oft-repeated comment afterwards was that "the tournament can only get better." Everyone dearly hoped so. But this match, if it did little else, certainly sowed more seeds of doubt about both the River Plate stadium pitch and the official 'Tango' match balls.

The pitch — relayed a matter of weeks before the finals because of a fertiliser problem (described in some other areas as sabotage) — looked bumpy and difficult. There were precious few examples of close control, and yet both teams had men with the ability to keep the ball close.

Was it the pitch? Was it the ball? Was it the pressure of the occasion? Whatever the answer, the sum total was one of a poor game which didn't provide the passion and intensity which could have given even an inkling of a standard for referees to follow . . .

Argentina 2, Hungary 1
(Group One)

THE atmosphere was incredible, the pace tremendous, the end result so deleriously greeted by the hinchada and so bitterly upsetting for the Hungarians.

Not only had the Magyars lost, after going ahead early on, they had seen their two best players, Andras Torocsik and Tibor Nyilasi, sent off in the last four minutes, and that spelled one-game bans and an end to Hungary's World Cup dreams.

Torocsik was booked early for throwing the ball away at a free kick, and was dismissed by Portuguese referee Antonio Garrido for kicking down Americo Gallego, Argentina's most consistent player. Nyilasi, who spent the second half inexplicably swiping at everything within range, went finally for a foul on Mario Kempes. I thought Nyilasi was lucky at that stage still to be on the pitch.

Who started it? Well, it was a hard game, but I thought the Argentines no more unpleasant than many a first division side in any of a dozen countries you care to name. What badly rattled the Hungarians was a bad miss with a header by Torocsik midway through the second half.

If they had tried to continue playing football in the second half as in the first they would have been well worth a draw. As it was, as manager Lajos Baroti admitted, they lost their tempers and paid a terrible price.

Csapo had put them ahead after nine

Argentina 78 — FIRST ROUND — Argentina 78

minutes when Fillol only blocked a Zombori drive; similarly Luque equalised in the 14th when Gujdar failed to hang on to a Kempes free kick. Finally, six minutes from time — when Hungary still had a full team out — substitute Alonso sent Luque through to scramble the vital opening for the other sub, Bertoni.

France 1, Italy 2
(Group One)

ITALY, from whom so little had been expected even by their own fans, fought back strongly and coolly after the shock of a 40-second goal which could have put France a long way towards the second round.

Didier Six raced down the left and Bernard Lacombe was at the near post to head in his short cross. It all promised so much. Yet the French could never exert any real dominance over the game, thanks to the tireless work of Romeo Benetti and Marco Tardelli.

Benetti was once again the powerful iron man on whom the Italians built their recovery; while Tardelli, not shining so obviously, played the highly-rated Michel Platini out of the match.

To add to their steely talents the skills of Antognoni — replaced at half-time through injury — Causio and high-potential striker Paolo Rossi added a dimension to their game which the French lacked.

Ironically, after Antognoni had done so well, it was his substitute, Zaccarelli who hit the winning goal in the 52nd minute, with flat-footed goalkeeper Bertrand-Demanes inexplicably letting the ball go.

Earlier the Italians had equalised after half an hour thanks to Rossi, though he could claim little credit. After Causio had burst through the French defence the ball rebounded on to the bar, on to a defender and then back into goal off the centre-forward's chest.

There were three bookings from Rumanian referee Rainea — for Henri Michel and Tardelli for foul tackles, and the frustrated Platini for dissent.

Cabrini of Italy.

Tunisia 3, Mexico 1
(Group Two)

TUNISIA, the 100-1 no-hopers of Group 2, became the instant charmers of the World Cup with an emphatic victory against the Mexicans.

In Rosario's opening match they won the hearts of the crowd and stunned Mexico to jump above Poland and West Germany.

They played with a compelling mixture of skill, adventure and naivety, and then even had the character to come back from behind.

From the moment the North Africans stepped on to the field they courted the Rosario crowd and the millions of TV viewers.

Before the kick-off they threw flowers to the fans. At the end they again ran to the stands, this time to salute them.

In between they did enough to justify their journey. Their cavalier play was epitomised by skipper Lahrami, who ran at the Mexican defence with supreme confidence.

Sometimes he tried to take on one man too many, and his colleagues shared that fault. But here were players uninhibited by fear, and eventually they were rewarded.

The Mexican goal, just before half-time, might have demoralised them. Jebali was penalised for hands by Scottish referee John Gordon and Vazquez stroked the ball in.

But Tunisia's reply was as devastating as it was endearing. Kaabi equalised and Mexico found themselves stretched in all directions.

Two late goals by Gommidh and Dhouib delivered the fatal blows for Mexico and left the other countries wondering whether they might have underestimated these men from North Africa.

Tunisia had given their answer to those who said they had no right to be in Argentina and that they would be an embarrassment to the finals.

Spain 1, Austria 2
(Group Three)

THE locals produced tremendous support for Spain, but that wasn't enough against a well-balanced Austrian side who deserved to win despite not seeing as much of the ball.

The Austrians certainly had their weaknesses. But the Spanish did not play on them with the result that veteran skipper Sara was able to disguise his lack of pace, and sweeper Obermayer's lack of wit in tight situations was rarely discernible.

After Spain made all the running Austria went ahead in the ninth minute. The excellent Pezzey tidied up on the edge of his own box, and sent Schachner clear from the halfway line. He outpaced two defenders before sweeping wide into the box and ramming a drive past Miguel Angel.

Ten more minutes and Miguel Angel made a fine catch from Kreuz before Spain drew level. Marcelino whipped over a cross which little Dani surprisingly was allowed both to win in the air and then hit into the net.

Reports from Keir Radnedge, Derick Allsop and special correspondents

Just before half-time Sara headed off the line from Rexach as some of the other Spaniards were claiming a penalty for Koncilia bringing down Cano.

In the second half, injury to Cardenosa forced Spain to call in Leal, and an out-of-form Rexach was replaced by Quini. Unlike Argentina's substitutions the previous evening against Hungary in the same city however, both moves produced nothing more than extra confusion. With 14 minutes to go Jara drove in a shot which deflected off Miguelí's leg and gave Krankl the easy opportunity to make up for a couple of earlier misses.

Brazil 1, Sweden 1
(Group Three)

BRAZIL, so highly confident, well-rehearsed and supported, dropped their 'usual' opening point after a remarkable finale in which Welsh referee Clive Thomas blew the whistle a split second before Zico headed past Hellström for what would have been the winner.

The Brazilian camp, rather than storm at Thomas, were more displeased with their second half substitute, Nelinho, who had wasted what proved to be invaluable time in misplacing the ball outside the corner flag quarter circle before taking his kick.

This wasn't the Brazil the fans had expected. Indeed, it took them 11 minutes before the first serious incursions into the Swedish penalty box. Toninho's shot was diverted for a corner, and then Reinaldo shot wastefully high.

Soon after, the underrated Swedes — aren't they always? — fired their own first warning shots.

With Nordqvist playing his record-breaking 109th international in solid form, they then went ahead after 37 minutes. From Wendt the ball was moved on to Linderoth, to Bo Larsson and through a defender's legs to allow Sjöberg to beat Leao.

Eight more minutes and Brazil were level. Toninho Cerezo crossed from the right and the defensive hesitation was enough to give Reinaldo time to wallop his shot in. Moments later Thomas blew for the interval. Brazil did leave it late!

In the second half neither team looked as effective in attack and Swedish manager Georg Ericsson said later his defence might prove on of the most resistent in the finals. But above all his words were reserved in praise of comeback specialist Bo Larsson.

Scotland 1, Peru 3
(Group Four)

SCOTLAND'S high hopes were grounded in just 15 fateful minutes against the allegedly old and creaky Peruvians.

In that second half period Masson had a penalty beaten away by Duarte and Cubillas hit the splendid, decisive second and third goals.

The Scots, quite clearly, had underestimated Peru. They had no answer to the skill

● Continued overleaf

Argentina 78 — FIRST ROUND — Argentina 78

● *Continued from previous page*

and pace of wingers Munante and Oblitas, or to the shooting expertise of Cubillas.

Peru, on the other hand, were well prepared. They allowed the Scottish forwards little space, then broke quickly and effectively.

Scotland made a bright start and were a goal up after 14 minutes. Buchan started the move deep in his own half and when Duarte pushed out Rioch's shot Jordan pounced to score.

It was the perfect way to start a World Cup challenge. Now, surely, Peru would be swamped by the eager Scots. It wasn't to be.

Instead, Chumpitaz regrouped his defence and inspired his team to a remarkable recovery.

Peru attacked with imagination and in numbers, and after 42 minutes they equalised. Scotland's defence fell apart as Peruvians poured into the area and Cueto scored.

The Scots had the chance to go back in front from the penalty spot when Rioch was brought down, but Duarte dived to his right to save from Masson.

That was Scotland's first throw and in the 70th minute Cubillas hammered a superb right foot shot past the startled Rough to put Peru into the lead.

Scotland brought on Gemmill and Marcari for Masson and Rioch but it was a lost cause. Seven minutes later Peru had a third.

From a free-kic just outside the area Cubillas again emplo,ed the outside of that talented right foot, bending his shot round the Scottish wall and inside the left post.

Holland 3, Iran 0
(Group Four)

HOLLAND began their bid for a place in another World Cup final with an efficient if not majestic performance against Iran in Mendoza.

A hat-trick by Rob Rensenbrink, two of them from the penalty spot, confirmed the considerable gulf in class between themselves and the Asian qualifiers.

Iran played neat, controlled football in midfield and their defence was uncompromising in the tackle.

But they lacked pace and numbers up front and all too quickly they found their attacks stifled and the action back in their own half.

Without the agility and safe handling of goalkeeper Hejazi they might have been more comprehensively beaten.

Iran brought Roshan, still not fully recovered from a knee ligament injury, into their attack in the second half but he found support rare and insufficient.

Holland, sluggish at the start, had two narrow escapes in the first 16 minutes. Sadeghi's long range shot was deflected and Jongbloed had to scamper across his line to save at the foot of a post.

Then, with the Dutch appealing in vain for offside Faraki raced clear on the right and this time a slight deflection carried his cross-shot behind for a corner.

Holland shrugged off those scrapes, began to piece together their game and Iran found themselves under siege.

But for all the pressure it was a break from defence which set up the opening goal in the 40th minute. Reinier Van de Kerkhof ran away on the right and Abdollahi brought him down in the area.

Rensenbrink, untroubled by the whistles of the crowd, calmly placed the ball inside the left post.

Rensenbrink effectively clinched the match after 62 minutes when he climbed high at the far post to head the second.

He completed his hat-trick in the 79th minute with another penalty after a tripended Rep's meandering run.

Argentina 2, France 1
(Group One)

POOR France — they played superbly in the intimidating atmosphere of the River Plate stadium, yet went out of the World Cup because of a dubious penalty, a brilliant save by Fillol, and a marvellous solo goal from Luque.

Like Italy, the Argentines proved slow starters. First Lacombe, in a good position, headed at Fillol, then Rocheteau was just wide after a short cross from the left by Six, along with the lively Platini France's outstanding players.

It was nearly 20 minutes before the Argentines snapped into action. Ardiles, otherwise not quite his usual self, made a brilliant run to the byline, but Luque's shot was blocked. Then Kempes rammed a shot against a post before the hosts went ahead in controversial circumstances immediately before half-time.

A brilliant quick turn and acceleration put Kempes clear, and he went down in a heap with Tresor, who also then knocked the ball away with his hand. Yet Swiss referee Dubach, not far from the action, went far across the pitch to consult his linesman before awarding the spot kick which Passarella converted.

More bad luck hit the French after half-time. Goalkeeper Dertrand-Demanes was carried off after colliding withh the post in brilliantly saving an equally good shot by Valencia, yet in the 61st minute they were level.

Lacombe clipped the ball over Fillol and against the bar, and Platini — after a hectic scramble — hit in the rebound.

The French could even have won. Platini put Six clear, but he shot wide before Luque — out of the blue — turned on his heel to smash in a 25-yard drive. The French claimed a penalty themselves after a foul on Six, but despite the fact that injuries to Alonso and Luque twiced reduced the Argentines to 10 men, they hung on to make sure of a second round place.

Italy 3, Hungary 1
(Group One)

ALL the suspicions of the first games were confirmed with the Italians looking even more impressive despite another slow start, and the Hungarians as slow-wittedly ill-tempered as against Argentina.

This time the Hungarians didn't have the talent of Torocsik up front to provide some variety, yet even so they could have gone ahead after 14 minutes when Csapo dribbled beautifully through the defence before shooting hastily and too high.

One of the new stars to emerge from the World Cup finals . . . Paulo Rossi of Italy.

Six minutes later and we saw the first moments of menace from the Italians and, in particular, from Bettega. Both he and Rossi went close — Bettega striking the woodwork on the first of three occasions — before they finally went ahead.

A drive by Causio struck the back of Bettega's legs and though Meszaros, who had gone the other way, changed direction and parried the shot, he couldn't hang on to the ball and Rossi followed up to score.

One more minute and it was 2-0. This time Bettega was the scorer after the Hungarian defenders stood back to admire the accuracy of a through pass from Benetti.

And Benetti it was who hit the third, a screaming half volley from 25 yards on the hour. Either side of the goal Bettega again hit the goal frame before the Hungarians staged a minor rally in the closing stages. Csapo again missed badly from close range before Andras Toth converted a penalty for a foul on Csapo by Scirea.

Manager Enzo Bearzot was delighted. "I thought against France we played some of our best football," he said, "but now I'm not so sure. I think perhaps we can go on improving."

This victory over a Hungary without Nyilasi

Joe Jordan scores Scotland's goal against Peru. But it wasn't enough, Peru won 3-1.

Argentina 78 — FIRST ROUND

France versus Italy, with Jean Marc Guillou of France (left) and Roberto Bettega of Italy.

and Toroesik — both suspended — combined with Argentina's win over France, ensured Italy a place in the second round, even with the Argentine clash to come.

Tunisia 0, Poland 1
(Group Two)

POLAND stumbled to an unconvincing victory against one of the surprise teams of the 1978 World Cup.

The Poles were disorganised and uninspired, and in the end lucky to hang on to those precious two points.

They produced only flashes of the style that distinguished them in the last finals and put them among Europe's most fancied teams this time.

Deyna, one of the most gifted players of the decade, never established genuine control and as a result Poland lacked guidance.

Only Lato penetrated the Tunisian defence with his ambitious running and, fittingly, he scored the vital goal in the 43rd minute.

Even then Poland had luck on their side. Kaabi made a fatal mistake and Lato pounced to punish him.

Exhilarating

It was a cruel blow for the Africans, who followed up their exhilarating victory against Mexico with another splendid performance.

Their determined, positive play won over the Rosario crowd and often bemused the far more experienced Poles.

But Tunisia's weakness was up front. Despite opening up the Polish defence on several occasions they were let down by their finishing — and the breaks.

They hit the bar, had shots blocked and scrambled away. Their pressure was considerable but, alas, not decisive.

They did enough to at least earn a point and they can console themselves with the knowledge that they gave Poland a thoroughly uncomfortable afternoon.

Poland, for their part, were left to sort out individual and collective problems to strengthen their hopes of repeating their 1974 success.

Mexico 0, West Germany 6
(Group Two)

THE world champions flexed their muscles for the more demanding tasks ahead by pounding a weak and disappointing Mexico.

West Germany's skill, strength and merciless finishing was never remotely matched by a side way out of their depth.

Mexico have talented players in Sanchez and Cuellar, and with a little luck both might have scored.

But their defence was so fragile that the Germans could have piled up an even more impressive total.

The partnership of Fischer and Dieter Muller up front proved deadly. Supported by Rummenigge, Flohe and Hans Muller, it represented a venomous attacking force.

Germany's one disappointment was Bonhoff. He played a very deep and generally ineffective role rather than employing his considerable talent around the edge of the Mexican area.

Mexico will probably find that no consolation. They were thoroughly outclassed and manager Jose Roca said: 'We were beaten by a side who played like world champions.'

Germany inflicted the first wound after 14 minutes when Dieter Muller turned sharply and struck a low shot from 20 yards past Reyes.

In the 29th minute Hans Muller, drifting to the right, made it two when he turned his shot inside the far post.

Rummenigge ran through for a solo goal after 38 minutes and Reyes was carried off with a leg injury sustained attempting to stop him.

● Continued overleaf

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● *Continued from previous page*

Mexico's hopes went also and a minute before the interval Flohe hammered a splendid fourth from 20 yards.

Twenty-five minutes from the end spectators started drifting away to watch Argentina on TV. They missed an explosive finale by the Germans.

Rummenigge completed the goal of the match in the 71st minute and a minute from the end Flohe run through to hit the sixth.

Austria 1, Sweden 0
(Group Three)

THIS game confirmed three things — Austria as one of the major surprises of the finals, Hans Krankl as one of the liveliest strikers and Ronnie Hellström as one of the best goalkeepers (as he had been in 1974).

As early as the fifth minute Hellström was forced to a sharp save from Krankl, who had the goalkeeper stretching again four minutes later.

The Velez fans certainly took to the Austrians, who had plenty to admire in the impressively quick defence-to-attack breaks of Pezzey, as well as the performances once more of Sara at right back and Kreuz up front.

Yet whereas Kreuz had operated out of midfield in the first match against Spain, this time he was an out-and-out striker with manager Helmut Senekowitsch bringing in Edy Krieger, now free of suspension, to help shore up the midfield and deny Bo Larsson the time and space he needs.

Converted

Senekowitsch's planning paid off, even if it was only thanks to a penalty three minutes before half-time, when Nordqvist pulled down Krankl, that the Austrians scored their winner. Krankl converted the kick. For once Hellström was beaten.

In the second half Kreuz twice, Krankl twice and Jara all had good chances, but twice the Swedes managed to get a man back to clear off the goal line and keep them in with a chance. The best opening they achieved was in the 52nd minute, when Lennart Larsson found Sjöberg, but his shot flew over the bar.

This victory made Austria certain of a place in the second round.

Brazil 0, Spain 0
(Group Three)

AFTER all the fuss about the pitch in the River Plate stadium the terrible state of affairs in Mar del Plata had been overlooked.

In fact the pitch there had been laid only six weeks before the finals, and the huge divots which players tore out of the turf didn't help the quality of a game which was among the poorest of the finals.

It wasn't so surprising that Spain didn't shine. They'd made five changes from the team beaten by Austria and were desperate for at least one point if they couldn't get two.

As it was they faced one of the worst Brazilian sides ever to play a World Cup-tie, yet realised their luck only in the closing stages when Cardenosa — in the 75th minute — should never have allowed Amaral time to recover and make a goal-line clearance after Santillana had beaten Leao in the air.

Demonstrated

The Brazilians' inept approach and lack of ideas was demonstrated by the fact that even the once-untouchable Zico was substituted towards the end and that their biggest threat to Miguel Angel in the Spanish goal was provided by Nelinho's free kicks.

Even so the Spanish were their own worst enemies. The nearest to a Brazilian goal was in the 28th minute when sweeper Antonio Olmo headed an Edinho cross against his own bar. The Brazilians couldn't even take advantage of the inevitable misunderstandings which followed an injury to Spain's best defender, Migueli, just after half-time.

But then — what could one expect of a Brazil who played a full back, Toninho, at outside right?

Scotland 1, Iran 1
(Group Four)

A RESOURCEFUL and increasingly confident Iran team rubbed salt into Scotland's gaping World Cup wounds.

After the defeat by Peru, the Willie Johnston disgraced and stories of pla[illegible] living it up, the Scots desperately neede[illegible] morale-boosting victory.

Instead they played miserably, unable [illegible] bring rhythm or purpose to their game. Th[illegible] midfield was always industrious, but ra[illegible] effective, while the attack was pitifu[illegible] unproductive.

Iran started cautiously, clearly hoping [illegible] contain. They feared Scotland's pace a[illegible] strength and were quick to pull b[illegible] reinforcements to the defence.

But despite giving away an own goal I[illegible] came back powerfully, their self-bel[illegible] swelled and they might even have snatche[illegible] win.

The crucial move by manager Heshm[illegible] Mohajerani was to bring Danaiefard into [illegible] midfield to counter the non-stop menace [illegible] Gemmill.

The tenacious little Iranian did precis[illegible] that and much more besides. He found time [illegible] create, push forward and then score t[illegible] equaliser.

He had marvellous support from Sadeg[illegible] who covered and chased as well as displayi[illegible] the ball control and flair.

Yet it seemed Iran were destined f[illegible] another disappointment when they we[illegible] down to a crazy goal just before half-time.

Hartford played an innocuous-looking b[illegible] down the middle and Jordan chased more [illegible] hope than belief.

But Hedjazi, aware of Jordan's challeng[illegible] and Eskandarian confused each other and th[illegible] latter turned the ball into his own net.

On the hour, however, Iran equalise[illegible] Danaiefard went wide on the left and the[illegible] when it seemed the angle would defy him, h[illegible] whipped his shot between Rough and the nea[illegible] post.

Suddenly Iran sensed victory was there fo[illegible] the taking and two minutes later they shoul[illegible] have gone ahead. Ghasemmpour raced awa[illegible] on his own but lost control and Roug[illegible] smothered.

Jordan had a header superbly saved b[illegible] Hedjazi at the foot of a post as Scotlan[illegible] produced a last rally. But a goal then woul[illegible] have been more than they deserved and a[illegible] injustice to Iran.

● *Continued overleaf*

Spain attack Brazil. left to right: Batista (B), Juan Manuel Asensi (Sp), Edinho, Cereso, Nelinho (B), Julio Cardenosa (Sp) and Leao (B)

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This is No. 1 of a series of illustrations

STOCKPORT, ENGLAND

Argentina 78 — FIRST ROUND — Argentina 78

● *Continued from previous page*

Holland 0, Peru 0
(Group Four)

PERU stepped up their bid for a place in the last eight by holding the powerful Dutch to a goalless draw.

They followed up their surprise victory against Scotland with another valuable performance against Holland's multi-talented team.

The Dutch had most of the play and rarely allowed Peru the space or freedom they enjoyed against the Scots.

But for all their pressure Holland were far from convincing and failed to produce the decisive finishing of potential world champions.

When they did force their way through Peru's stubborn defence they found goalkeeper Duarte, a hero against Scotland, in defiant mood.

He made a series of fine saves, especially from Jansen and Neeskens and during Holland's late, desperate push for victory.

Holland, with a comfortable victory against Iran under their belts, opened confidently and took the game to the South Americans.

But Peru weathered the storm and slowly began to exert their own influence on the game, building slowly but purposefully from midfield.

Cubillas, the two-goal destroyer of Scotland, drew on his vast experience to calmly and intelligently steady the Peruvian boat.

He brought Oblitas into the game with subtle passes and for a while Peru threatened to plunder another shock success.

Holland goalkeeper Jongbloed, for much of the first half little more than an interested spectator, moved smartly to save from Cueto and then denied Cubillas.

The Dutch responded with a final flurry but Duarate kept them out and put Peru within sight of a place in the next stage of the championship.

France 3, Hungary 1
Group One

THIS was a nothing game, with both teams already packing their bags for an early return home, and France made seven changes to provide most of the rest of their squad with a game.

They also caused a half-hour delay at the start by turning up in all-white, when it was the Hungarians who had already agreed to play in the change strip for the benefit of Black and white TV.

The French had to send out for the strip of local club Kinberley and the numbers were altered in such haste that several were hanging off by the end of 90 minutes.

With no pressure both teams produced an entertaining game, with some superb goals — particularly the long-range drive from Lopez which opened the scoring, and the fine goal for Hungary by Zombori, one of their few players to impress in the finals. Nyilasi and Torocsik returned for this game, to little effect.

Italy 1, Argentina 0
Group One

DESPITE rumours that Italy would put out reserves, with qualification assured, manager Bearzot was too keen to win or at least draw to stay in Buenos Aires for the second round.

In the event his team won well in a game which, though determined never produced the temperamental explosion which had been feared.

Argentina badly missed the injured Luque and made few chances even though the Italians had to substitute Cuccureddu for the injured Bellugi after only seven minutes and reshape their defence.

Both goalkeepers, Fillol and Zoff, made good saves early on — Zoff with a marvellous leap to turn aside a Kempes free kick, Fillol reacting instinctively to tip over a close-range header from Bettega.

But it was Bettega who scored the all-important goal 22 minutes into the second half to finish off a beautiful close-passing move with Rossi. The Argentines might have had a penalty four minutes later when Antognoni brought down Gallego, but referee Klein — clearly the best of the finals thus far — waved play on and there was no doubt that Italy, thanks to the skills of Bettega and Causio, were worth the points.

Sweden 0, Spain 1
Group Three

BOTH teams went into this game knowing they had to win to stand any chance of qualifying, but even that wouldn't be enough if Brazil, at the same time, beat Austria.

Brazil did win, which was a hard blow for the Spanish who put up their best performance of the finals far too late. They dominated the disappointing Swedes from start to finish and it was only thanks once again to the superb goalkeeping of Hellstrom that the Swedes were still in with a chance right to the end.

What went wrong for Sweden? For once Nordqvist was unable to get a grip in defence, and in attack Edstrom seemed to have lost all his confidence after so much injury trouble.

Juanito was Spain's liveliest player, setting up Asensi's goal. Manager Kubala recalled Pirri at half-time in place of Olmo — a diplomatic attempt to try to pour oil on the troubled waters caused when he dropped the Real Madrid skipper for the Brazil defeat.

Brazil 1, Austria 0
Group Three

BRAZIL's team remodelled by the newly-formed selection committee after the partial overthrow of Claudio Coutinho, did just about enough to get the vital points to qualify, but that was largely thanks to a lazy Austrian display.

It was almost as if Austria wanted to lose by by two goals which would have put Brazil top of the group, and the Austrians into what they hoped would be an easier second round group. But surely these things don't happen at World Cup Level?

Anyway, a goal by Roberto in his first game of the finals thanks to the hard work of another reintroduction, Mendonca, was all Brazil could get. And what a remarkable sight seven minutes from time, to see Zico coming on as substitute for Mendonca.

Near the end the Austrians made a token effort, and three corners from Jara had Leao scrambling, but he was never beaten.

This result upset FIFA's organisers. Because Austria and Brazil finished level on points and goal difference it was genera assumed that following the guidelines issu to the press, Austria would top the gro through having scored one more goal.

In fact FIFA's own rules provided for drawing of lots if teams finished level at t top of a group. Wisely officials decided stand by the goals standard, and Austria we confirmed as No. 1.

Tunisia 0 West Germany 0
(Group Two)

TUNISIA said farewell to the World Cup wi their greatest triumph — holding defendi champions West Germany to a draw.

The one point was sufficient to confir Germany's place in the last eight along wi Poland.

But their satisfaction ended there. The never mastered the inexperienced Africa and failed to display the lethal finishing whic demolished Mexico.

Not that the opposition was anything like weak as that provided by the Mexican Tunisia have emerged as a team considerable quality and potential.

They are well organised, move intelligentl off the ball and build their attacks wit purpose and confidence.

Captain Lahzami Temime had another fin match and Agrebi was unlucky not to see hi strong running and shooting rewarded with goal.

The star of these charmers, however, Dhiab Tarak. He goes by defenders with th balance and impudence of George Best.

Tunisia's big weakness is in front of goal but in that they are by no means alone. Th Germans were criticised on that precise poin by their manager Helmut Schoen after th match.

Germany were amazingly ineffective i attack and too often resorted to hopeful long-range shooting which caused Naili few problems.

Naili's moments of anxiety were usually o his own making, but although his goalkeeping was erratic and unorthodox he defied the Germans.

The main threats to Maier were compressed into a five-minute spell just before half-time, when the ambitious Agreb launched virtually a one-man attack on the Germans.

He had a shot well saved by Maier, had penalty appeals turned down when he was bundled to the ground in the area, and then grazed the woodwork with a volley over the goalkeeper's head.

The Germans put Tunisia under pressure midway through the second half, but never with real authority or conviction and the Africans held on for an historic result.

Mexico 1 Poland 3
(Group Two)

POLAND gradually word down Mexico to qualify for the second round stage of the championship as Group Two winners.

It was hardly a vintage performance by the Poles, but in the end it proved too much for a side who found themselves out of their depth in Argentina.

The Mexicans at least showed in this match some spirit and organisation to go with individual flair. They were the better side in the first half and were unlucky to go behind.

Argentina 78 — FIRST ROUND — Argentina 78

Poland's Maculewicz jumps over Germany's Klaus Fischer during their opening game 0-0 draw.

Yet after equalising they faded and the Poles restored a little pride as they powered their way to victory.

Mexico's early confidence stemmed from the promptings of Cuellar, De La Torre and Cardenas, whose mobility prevented the Poles taking control.

But for all their fine approach play Mexico failed to force the breakthrough, and just before half-time Boniek put Poland ahead.

The Mexicans refused to crumble, came back aggressively and were rewarded in the 51st minute when Rangel scored the equaliser. It was, however, their last stand.

Poland pulled themselves together and slowly began to assert some authority, with Lato and Deyna in particular pushing back the Mexicans.

The elegant Deyna put Poland back in the lead in the 56th minute and seven minutes from the end Boniek secured the points.

Both goals were partly the fault of Mexico goalkeeper Soto, who was badly positioned and duly punished.

His opposite number, Tomaszewski, responded with greater expertise when he was called upon. Mexico were still dangerous on the break and Rangel and Sanchez stretched the Polish defence.

But they found Tomaszewski a defiant final barrier and Poland's old guard marched on to fight more World Cup battles.

Peru 4 Iran 1
(Group Four)

PERU clinched top place in Group Four with another spectacular but controversial victory against Iran.

The pace and penetration which destroyed Scotland in their opening match also proved too much for the Asia Oceania representatives.

But Iranian hopes virtually disappeared when they had their third and fourth penalties of the championship awarded against them.

Cubillas, that master executioner, duly converted both to add to Velasquez's opening goal and Peru had a handsome 3-0 lead after 39 minutes.

Iran manager Heshmat Mohajerani demanded: "We have had four penalties given against us, is this justice? We didn't come here claiming we would beat these teams but we have not been given a chance.

"My players are sick because they didn't think they deserved to lose so heavily. We lost the game but mainly we lost it to the referee. FIFA should have protected us."

Certainly it appeared that the second penalty in the Holland match was awarded for a foul fractionally outside the area and that Polish referee Alojzy Jarguz was harsh with his first penalty decision of the Peru game.

The Iranians also have some justification in claiming they should have had a penalty themselves against Peru.

But despite their frustrations Iran pulled back a goal just before half-time, Roshan's low, first-time shot going in off the far post.

The alert little forward was unlucky not to have another after 58 minutes when Quiroga defied him with a superb double save.

Iran at that stage looked as if they had finally found a cutting edge to their neat, controlled play and that they might provide us with a tense finish.

Peru, however, produced another ounce of effort and in the 78th minute Cubillas completed his hat-trick.

Holland 2, Scotland 3
Group Four

TOO little, too late. The Scots went into this game needing a clear three-goal victory over the 1974 runners-up to squeeze into the second round.

Remarkably, after their flops against Peru and Iran, it seemed at one stage they might achieve just that, even though the Dutch went ahead through yet another Rensenbrink penalty after 34 minutes, after Kennedy and Rough fouled Rep.

Dalglish equalised just before the interval after a flick down by Jordan and the Dutch were then forced by injury into a second undesirable substitution. The half-fit Neeskens had already gone, now Rijsbergen was forced off too.

The Scots, with Souness excellent in his only game of the finals, went ahead a minute after the restart. The Liverpool midfielder was brought down by Willy Van der Kerkhof, and Gemmill converted the penalty.

The Scots could still hope for their miracle, especially considering the sadly inept play of the Dutch, and moved within one goal of their target when, in the 68th minute, Dalglish battled through two tackles on the edge of the box and Gemmill nipped through to beat Jongbloed beautifully.

The Scottish fans were making all the noise in the stadium — but for just four minutes. That's how long it took the Dutch to raise their game. Skipper Krol sent Rep through the middle to strike a rising shot into Rough's top righthand corner.

In the closing minutes Rene van der Kerkhof and Forsyth were just wide at opposite ends, the fans sang sadly 'We've been, to the Argentine,' and, under the watchful eyes of Argentine President Jorge Videla, Scotland went out of the World Cup.

FIRST ROUND

Group One	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
ITALY	3	3	0	0	6	2	6
ARGENTINA	3	2	0	1	4	3	4
France	3	1	0	2	5	6	2
Hungary	3	0	0	3	3	8	0

Group Two	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
POLAND	3	2	1	0	4	1	5
WEST GERMANY	3	1	2	0	6	0	4
Tunisia	3	1	1	1	3	2	3
Mexico	3	0	0	3	2	12	0

Group Three	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AUSTRIA	3	2	0	1	3	2	4
BRAZIL	3	1	2	0	2	1	3
Spain	3	1	1	1	2	2	3
Sweden	3	0	1	2	1	3	1

Group Four	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
PERU	3	2	1	0	7	2	5
HOLLAND	3	1	1	1	5	3	3
Scotland	3	1	1	1	5	6	3
Iran	3	0	1	2	2	8	1

Argentina 78 — SECOND ROUND — Argentina 78

Reports from Keir Radnedge, Derick Allsop and special correspondents

Berti Vogts (right) of West Germany prevents Gaetano Scirea of Italy from getting away.

ITALY 0, WEST GERMANY 0
Group A

NOT the gloomy game it might appear from the scoreline — but a disappointment for the Italians, who failed to win for the first time. The Germans appeared to have come looking for a draw as rumours increased of tension among the players and a trouble-shooting attempt by FIFA Vice-President Hermann Neuberger.

It was the Germans who had the first chances. Fischer headed a Bonhof corner wide, then Zoff made a fine save from Holzenbein. However, the best chance was remarkably wasted by Bettega, six minutes before half-time. Causio gave him the opening for a beautiful dribble through the defence and past Maier, but Kaltz cleared off the line. Minutes later Bettega shot wide after fine work on the left by Scirea.

The Italians stepped up the pace with the substitution of Zaccarelli for Antognoni in the second half and Cabrini chipped a lob against a post with Maier beaten, while Bettega's shot from the rebound was charged down.

Injuries to Flohe and Fischer temporarily reduced the Germans to nine men, but the Italians couldn't take advantage though Maier had to save well from Zaccarelli and Tardelli.

West Germany should have had a penalty when Bellugi brought down Fischer in the 74th minute, but Yugoslav referee Baksimovic — who didn't have a good game — waved play on.

ARGENTINA 2, POLAND 0
Group B

POLAND skipper Kazimierz Deyna could hardly have chosen a more tense setting for his 100th international, but unfortunately celebrations turned sour for him.

Argentina, playing outside the River Plate stadium for the first time, went ahead after only 16 minutes, Kempes heading in a long Bertoni cross from the left.

The match was hard and first Lato was hurt by a block tackle from Passarella, then, after the free kick, Fillol was injured saving from Boniek. But he did well to stop a 30-yarder before Kempes punched away a Lato header and referee Ericsson awarded a penalty. Up stepped Deyna — and missed it. Fillol, clearly moving to his left before the kick, guessed right and made a good stop.

As the first half closed Maculewicz and Gallego were each booked and there was no let-up in the tempo in the second half. Boniek dribbled through and beyond Fillol, but Lato shot wide from close range — then Argentina made sure.

Ardiles ran beautifully at high speed into Polish territory and Kempes took his pass, sidestepped Maculewicz and beat Tomaszewski. Some 72 minutes had gone.

At the other end Fillol made a fine save from a Deyna free kick, but it was the Argentines who came closer to more goals through Houseman, Bertoni and Kempes — missing the easy last-minute chance of a hat-trick.

AUSTRIA 1 HOLLAND 5

HOLLAND restored their spirit and reputation as they swept aside the hopeful Austrians.

The Dutch had been torn apart by a week of bitter internal disputes, injuries to key players and the defeat by Scotland.

But we saw shades of 1974 as they brought mobility and invention back to their game. The team was superb, some individuals breathtaking.

Rep and Rensenbrink in particular stretched and tormented the Austrian defence — and 22-year-old Brandts gave them the stability and heading power they clearly needed at the back.

Austria, who opened the championship so impressively, functioned effectively only for a short period in the first half. But the influence of Prohaska and Sara diminished, and the challenge died.

Holland had the perfect start with a goal in the sixth minute. Brandts, playing his first full international, met Willie van de Kerkhof's free kick at the far post and headed in.

Penalty

Two goals in a minute, late in the first half, gave the Dutch the decisive breakthrough. Prohaska bundled over Jansen and Rensenbrink converted his fourth penalty of the finals.

Rensenbrink then set up the third with a left wing run and low cross curved into the path of the advancing Rep. For a moment it seemed Rep's control had deserted him, but despite being off balance he flicked the ball over goalkeeper Koncilia.

Krankl missed the chance to pull one back in the 53rd minute and was instantly punished by Rensenbrink-Rep combination. Rensenbrink drew Koncilia and presented Rep with an open goal.

Holland lost a little concentration defence and Obermayer made it 4-1 in t 80th minute with a lob over Schrijvers a substitute Kruaij.

But Rensenbrink provided a fitting fini with another marvellous piece of skill and le Willie van de Kerkhof with a simple goal.

BRAZIL 3 PERU 0

YOU could almost hear Brazil's sigh of reli as they at last produced a performance confidence and flair to put the brake on Peru joy ride.

And the rest of the teams left in the fina shudder at the prospect of the Brazilia reaching a peak at the crucial stage.

The Coutinho demotion and the removal established players represented a gamb which might have sent Brazil home a ridicul as well as defeated nation.

Controlled

But against Peru they looked a side of re quality, always too skilful, too composed a too resilient for a side who won Group Four style.

With more controlled finishing fro Mendonca and Roberto they might well hav marched on with a more handsome scorelin under their belts.

Peru rarely showed the menace th brushed aside Scotland and Iran while at th back they struggled to stay with Brazil's live forwards.

Muruate and Oblitas were unable to get the line and Cubillas was a poor imitation the man we had watched with admiration the previous matches.

When Peru did force a way through the found Leao inspired. He tipped over a sh from Cueta and then made a brilliant, divin save from the best Peruvian forward La Rosa

At the other end Dirceu had more succes and fired Brazil into a two-goal lead in th first 27 minutes.

After 14 minutes he produced a gem from free-kick 25 yards out. He dipped and ben his left foot shot over the wall and inside th angle of crossbar and post.

His second required the assistance Peruvian goalkeeper Quiroga. He hit a low

Argentina 78 — SECOND ROUND — Argentina 78

diagonal shot from 30 yards and Quiroga merely dived over it.

Zico came on as substitute in the second half and in the 72nd minute scored from the penalty spot after Roberto had been pulled and then chopped to the ground.

Brazil, even without the injured Rivelino, suddenly looked a power again.

HOLLAND 2 WEST GERMANY 2

TWO of the game's great rivals produced another match of high drama and compulsive viewing.

Holland, the luckless side of the last final, earned a point to stay in the chase this time and effectively put the defending champions out of the contention.

The achievement eased the pain of having substitute Nanninga sent off two minutes from the end for laughing at referee Ramon Barreto, of Uruguay.

A match of shifting fortunes seemed to have gone beyond Holland's reach when Dieter Muller headed the Germans into the lead after 69 minutes and then Rep's shot cannoned away off the bar.

Dutch spirit drained to the boots and there were few willing to track the now rampant Germans.

But Abramczik tossed away a splendid chance to add a decisive third and Holland summoned a late recovery to force a deserved equaliser.

Deserved because on balance they were the more polished, more convincing side. Their midfield had greater guile and understanding than the German division.

In defence, too, the Dutch had more control, with Krol quite magnificent. Kaltz and Russmann offered nothing like the same assurance.

Precision

Germany's strength was their ability to counter-attack with speed and precision, and but for Krol it might have brought them more success.

Despite his second half goal Muller struggled to make an impression and the recalled Abramczik flattered to deceive.

Abramczik and Germany were sent on their way with a goal in the third minute. Schrijvers couldn't hold Bonhof's free-kick and the winger threw himself forward to score.

That should have injected the champions with confidence, but instead they played with caution and the stylish Dutch gradually took over.

They drew level in the 27th minute with a spectacular goal. Haan from 30 yards, hammered a shot of extraordinary force against the wind and past the startled Maier.

The second equaliser came seven minutes from the end. Russmann's desperate goal-line dive couldn't keep out Rene van der Kerkhof's shot.

German manager Helmut Schoen praised the men who replaced his injured players, but clearly his side missed the influence of Flohe, who was out for the rest of the championship.

Holland had also had their injury problems, but even the absence of Neeskens hadn't checked their progress.

ITALY 1 AUSTRIA 0

TO go on the attack from the start just isn't in the nature of the Italian footballer and this game proved the point. Despite a gift goal after 13 minutes, the Italians never looked happy and Austria, trying to make up for their defeats by Brazil and Holland, might have snatched a point.

Italy's scorer was Rossi, after it seemed Strasser, playing his first game of the finals, would cut out Causio's return pass. Instead he hesitated too long, and Rossi nipped in to score.

The Italians then lost their grip. The decision to include the bustling Zaccarelli for the skilful but inconsistent Antognoni appeared more of a handicap than a help, and early in the second half Austria got on top.

Krieger and Kreuz went close, but gradually the Italians hauled themselves back and Graziani, second half substitute for the half-fit Bettega, might have had a hat-trick in the final 10 minutes but for the nimble covering of Pezzey and agility of Koncilia.

ARGENTINA 0 BRAZIL 0

IT'S now eight years since Argentina last beat Brazil, and they could have played another eight at this rate and never scored. Though the Argentines did almost all the attacking, there was only one real shot inside either penalty box for a goalkeeper to deal with, and that was in the 72nd minute when Fillol did well to block an effort by Roberto.

Brazil preferred to keep Rivelino, now fit, and Zico among the substitutes and showed a lot of skill without much organisation. But the main problem was the persistent foul play which went unchecked by Hungarian referee Karoli Pakotai.

He did book Chicago, Edinho and Zico as well as Villa, but in Zico's case it was a matter of dissent while the original foul by a Brazilian defender which caused the trouble went unpunished, apart from a free kick.

With the tournament reaching the closing stages, Argentina's players were being exposed more and more as men whose determination and inner fire had to make up for a lack of star quality. Menotti's concern was clear from the readjustment to use Kempes in midfield — a switch which was a failure, despite the return up front of Luque.

PERU 0 POLAND 1

A match of apparent insignificance gave us an unexpected portion of skilful, imaginative and often exciting football.

Peru, who might have been a little shell-shocked after their drubbing by Brazil, in fact came out fresh and determined.

● Continued overleaf

Iran goalkeeper Hejazi saves from Holland.

Argentina 78 — SECOND ROUND — Argentina 78

● *Continued from previous page*

They were again the bold, colourful side of the early groupings, finding width and pushing forward in numbers.

Their failing was in the area. In the first half, particularly, they should have made more of their imaginative approach play. The Poles rode their luck and in the second half were the stronger side. What's more, their shooting and heading was far better than Peru's.

Deyna put that penalty miss against Argentina behind him and steered his side with the authority and subtlety that has stamped his distinguished career.

Poland also had resolute central defenders, which was just as well in the face of the Peruvians' first half menace. Oblitas repeatedly worked his way to the line, but his crosses were turned away to safety by the defiant Poles. La Rosa and Cubillas rarely had a clear sight of goal.

It was a rather different story at the other end. Szarmach and Boniek were constant threats and brought the best out of that extraordinary character Quiroga.

Peru's goalkeeper made some magnificent saves, some bizarre stops and even took on the role of auxiliary sweeper.

It was in that latter capacity that he was booked by referee Pat Partridge from a foul in Poland's half.

The moment of defeat for Quiroga and Peru came in the 65th minute when Szarmach headed firmly just inside the left hand post.

Peru finished with another flurry, but Poland held out to bid for a place in the first four.

AUSTRIA 3, WEST GERMANY 2

WEST GERMANY'S reign as World Champions ended in a match of thrilling football and fluctuating fortunes.

They set out in search of a five-goal win to give themselves a hope of reaching the final. But in the end a German national side suffered the first defeat to Austria since 1931.

Two marvellous goals by Hans Krankl, the man who says he wants to play for Manchester United, gave the Austrians a richly deserved victory.

They had far more ideas than a sadly uninspired German team who again stuttered in midfield and fumbled in attack.

Austria's Prohaska looked the most gifted midfield player on the pitch, guiding his side with subtlety and accuracy. How different it was for Bonhof and company. In fact at one stage during the first half disenchanted German supporters chanted "Bonhof out".

Dieter Muller was again ineffective up front and only the hard-running Rummenigge consistently made headway against the Austrian defence.

And yet despite a scarcely impressive opening the Germans took the lead after 18 minutes. Rummenigge ran into the gap which opened in the Austrian defence and calmly placed his low shot past the advancing and unprotected Koncilia.

Austria shrugged off the disappointment and came back with confidence and power. Kreuz and Krankl missed good chances as the Germans were put under intense pressure. Maier roasted his colleagues as the Austrian were allowed free shots and headers.

Germany had their best spell early in the second half. Koncilia had to make a superb save from Rummenigge and then Bonhof twice went close with shots.

But after 59 minutes the Austrians pulled level. Under pressure from three players Vogts turned the ball into his own goal.

Austria made the most of that break and forced their way in front six minutes later when Krankl controlled Krieger's centre and scored with a magnificent volley.

Austria's celebrations lasted only two minutes. Bonhof curled in a free-kick from the right and Holzenbein met it to head firmly wide of Koncilia's left hand.

Two minutes from the end Austria put Germany out of the competition and ended manager Helmut Schoen's distinguished career.

Krankl danced into the German area and pushed the decisive shot under Maier.

BRAZIL 3, POLAND 1

BRAZIL pushed Argentina to a breathtaking group climax against Peru with their own display of exciting, penetrative football.

Confronted with rather more formidable opposition in Poland, the Brazilians

Sepp Maier in familiar action for West Germany.

Willie van der Kerkoff of Holland.

Argentina 78 — SECOND ROUND — Argentina 78

Holland against Austria . . . a 5-1 win for the Dutch set up their second successive World Cup Final appearance.

confirmed their recovery from the shambles of their early matches.

Poland found some authority after going behind to an early goal to equalise and demand quality as well as fervour from Brazil. That is precisely what the South Americans produced.

They pulled down Poland's defences with a devastating second half spell. They battered the woodwork until their success came with two goals by Roberto.

Their build-up was easy on the eye and a curse on the Poles. The balance, the control and the capacity for the unusual were all there.

And just to complete it Rivelino came into the action looking eager to give us glimpses of that respected, precious talent.

Brazil may now rue the fact that they didn't maintain that dominance to score the extra goals which might have taken them through to the final.

But Poland had too much pride to allow that to happen and in fact came back with a final, dangerous offensive.

Careless

Brazil had Leao, in outstanding form, to thank for retaining that two-goal lead. Poland helped their cause with some astonishingly careless finishing.

Brazil's shooting, on the other hand, has long been one of their strengths and we saw its value again in this match. Nelinho, one of their many dead-ball experts, scored after 13 minutes with a free-kick struck from 25 yards.

Poland, powerful and determined, drew level just before half-time, when Lato took advantage of a little good fortune.

But as the ball cannoned crazily around the Polish woodwork Brazil grasped the initiative and Roberto's two goals gave them their triumph.

It wasn't enough to earn them another World Cup Final place, but at least it helped repair an image so badly tarnished a fortnight earlier.

ITALY 1, HOLLAND 2

DEPLORABLE refereeing by Spain's Angel Franco Martinez wrecked what could — and should — have been a fine game.

In the end Holland's second-half recovery, sparked by a fine goal from Erny Brandts which cancelled out his first half own goal, left them deserving a place in the final for the second time in succession.

But what might have happened had Franco Martinez refused to let Brandts imprint one set of stud marks after another all over Bettega's legs in the first half? The Italians took their cue from that permissiveness and the reward was bookings for Benetti, Tardelli and Cabrini.

Booked

Holland's Rep and Haan were also booked, in most disagreeable circumstances, but the Tardelli and Benetti bookings upset the Italians because both were second offences and ruled them out of the next game — either the final or the third place match.

The Italians had been far better in the first half and could have run up four or five had it not been for bad luck and the two excellent saves by substitute goalkeeper Jongbloed — who took over after Brandts not only put into his own net, but injured Schrijvers in the process in the 19th minute.

Once the equaliser had come, in the 50th minute, the Italians fell apart and Haan made sure of Holland's progress with a 30-yard scorcher a quarter of an hour from time.

ARGENTINA 6, PERU 0

ONE of the most unhappy World Cup games of all time, with a referee in Robert Wurtz who and Peruvian opposition who appeared blissfully and suspiciously careless about protecting their Argentine-born goalkeeper, Quiroga.

To be fair, after just 11 minutes, Munante went through the Argentine defence and shot against a post, and then Oblitas cut in from the left and shot across the face of the goal. But after that it was clear that the Argentines were going to get the minimum four goals they needed to go into the final ahead of Brazil.

After 21 minutes the Peruvian defence left a gap a mile wide through the middle for Kempes to run down and score. Then Luque hit a post, Ortiz hit the bar, and two minutes before the interval Tarantini headed in a corner for No. 2.

The Argentines looked a better team for the inclusion of Larrosa for the injured Ardiles and within five minutes of the re-start everything was put beyond doubt. In the 49th minute Kempes hit in an Olguin free-kick as the defence stood off him, then 60 seconds later turned back a Larrosa cross for Luque to head in.

In the 65th minute Houseman came on as substitute for Bertoni, and scored with his first touch of the ball two minutes later after a horrible defensive blunder. Luque scored the sixth.

Argentina were in the final.

SECOND ROUND

Group A	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
HOLLAND	3	2	1	0	9	4	5
Italy	3	1	1	1	2	2	3
West Germany	3	0	2	1	4	5	2
Austria	3	1	0	2	4	8	2

Group B	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
ARGENTINA	3	2	1	0	8	0	5
Brazil	3	2	1	0	6	1	5
Poland	3	1	0	2	3	5	2
Peru	3	0	0	3	0	10	0

Italian spies . . . P
Brazilian arrog
Amancio . . . Coun

THE EXTENT of the crisis which Brazil brought with them to the World Cup finals was made humiliatingly clear with the chock decision to strip Claudio Coutinho of all his powers after the 0-0 draw with Spain.

It wasn't only because of the strange team selection he formulated for the Spain game, but the two poor performances with which they had begun their bid for a third title and the discontent among players and fans.

Though Coutinho stayed on after the semi-official announcement that his selection powers had been taken over by the CBD president in consultation with the players — and, presumably, skipper Rivelino in particular — it must have been a terrible blow.

It had been rumoured since before the finals that he would leave for the United States afterwards, come what may, and after this fiasco he must have felt that the sooner he could get away the better.

It was a sad failure for the man who will sadly go into soccer's history books not for the brilliance of his Brazil, but for the total disappointment which his team aroused in the rest of the football world.

THE TOP Italian clubs all had spies present with a view to swooping as soon as they receive confirmation of the reopening of the frontiers in line with Common Market regulations.

Argentina's Norberto Alonso and Daniel Passarella were top targets for Juventus, Napoli and Internazionale of Milan — whose interest in France's Michel Platini suddenly waned.

MEXICO'S bad start in defeat against Tunisia provoked trouble back home.

One stunned fan committed suicide and there were a host of telephone calls to the Mexican FA threatening the life of manager Jose Antonio Roca and also to blow up the building.

HUNGARIAN manager Lajos Baroti made a point of watching a rerun of the 2-1 defeat by Argentina.

"And my reaction is the same as immediately after the game, that Nyilasi deserved to be sent off, but not Torocsik."

TOROCSIK has had a bad time of it, starting before the finals with the 4-1 defeat at Wembley by England.

"I don't ever want to visit London again," he said in an interview in Buenos Aires, "for reasons I don't want to talk about." Presumably that has something to do with his girl-friend's court appearance for shop-lifting.

PERU, apart from trying to include in their squad a No. 23 rather than a No. 13 before the finals because of superstition, also attempted another switch.

Instead of a No. 22 they wanted a No. 24. Again, superstition. The Peruvians remembered that goalkeeper Rubinos wore No. 22 in 1970 in Mexico, and is still blamed for mistakes in the 4-2 defeat by Brazil in the quarter-finals.

THE River Plate stadium is the largest in Argentina, with an official capacity of 77,260 (38,400 seated, 37,000 standing, 1,615 for the Press, 345 for officials) and not the 82,000, 88,000 or even 100,000 figures bandied about in some newspapers and magazines.

It's in the Nunez suburb, from which the River Plate club (they pronounce it *Reever* Plaat) draws most of its support and its middle-class image.

Originally built in the late 1930s and officially opened on May 25, 1938, it wasn't until the late 1950s that work could be completed and then only thanks to the £90,000 fee Juventus paid for Omar Sivori.

The stadium has had its share of nicknames. One is Monumental, which one journalist from Britain picked up appropriately enough at the opening match of the finals, which he proudly described as a "Monumental bore".

Another nickname was that of "Horse-shoe" because for years the upper tier went round just three sides of the stadium. The World Cup building programme closed that gap!

NICE idea from the Brazilians to keep their defenders safe.

They brought with them to Mar del Plata a metal frame six foot high and nine foot wide so that Messrs. Zico, Rivelino and Nelinho could practise their free kicks without putting anyone's life in danger!

BRAZIL'S belief in their own soccer superiority is matched by their arrogance.

I liked the lengthy article in one of their magazines on the eve of the finals, which appeared under the headline: "Ten reasons why Brazil will be world champions".

The article went on to enumerate Brazil's strengths. Point One — because we have the best defence; Point Two — because we are the best prepared; Point Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine and . . . Point Ten: Because God is Brazilian!

FRANCE made sure of a minimum of fuss when they flew down to Mar del Plata for their first game with Italy.

They chose to time their arrival while the opening ceremony at River Plate was reaching a climax, so that most people would be indoors watching on television, most of the journalists, too.

REMARKABLE Amancio! He was at the 1966 World Cup — the last time Spain qualified — as a player. This time there he was in the departure lounge of Barajas Airport, Madrid on his way out as a spectator.

He's on the Real Madrid coaching staff now, yet though he's not far short of 40 he still looks as sharp and fit as that day 14 years ago when his right wing skills took Spain to the Nations' Cup (as it was then called) at the expense of Russia.

KLAUS FISCHER was under a particular microscope as the finals began. Barcelona had already started preliminary talks on a possible transfer of the Schalke centre-forward once he had returned to Europe.

Barcelona coach Lucien Muller — at last he's got the job for which he has been touted for so long — was another personality flying through Madrid on the eve of the finals, to join those negotiations.

Scotland manager Ally Macleod, at a Press Conference in Argentina.

Peu superstition . . . gace . . . Remarkable ting the cost

by Keir Radnedge and Derick Allsop

Will Muller succeed at Barcelona? One man who thinks so is the 25-year-old Argentine player with whom I sepnt a lot of time talking football to while away the time on the Madrid-Rio haul.

He's Roberto Rodolfo Romero, a midfielder now with second division Algerciras, but who was once a youthful hero in Argentina when he made his first division debut at 17 there with Gimnasia y Esgrima of La Plata.

Romero spent three years with Burgos after moving to Spain at 21 four years ago, and for part of that time worked under Muller — whom he praised both for his work in the fitness and tactical fields.

PEOPLE in Buenos Aires could hardly have been more friendly or more helpful. Right from the messenger girls in the Press centre — who were under instructions — to the taxi drivers — who weren't.

Or maybe that's not quite correct. After all, for several weeks beforehand the government had been taking up television time to exhort the people to be on their best behaviour to present a bright side of Argentina to all the foreign visitors.

They certainly did that. A few more countries might be well advised to follow the example!

FAMOUS faces all over the place, and names as well. If it's not Gunter Netzer having a sandwich in the Press centre in Buenos Aires then it's Bobby Charlton having a drink at the bar in the River Plate stadium. Or, it's a repeated appeal over the tanoid in the Press centre for "Il Signor Helenio Herrera" to come to the telephone.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS of the organisation were mixed. More than a few journalists turned up to claim their accreditation only to find that no tickets had been reserved for them. There was also trouble finding flights to get between the various centres. Flights there were, but not enough.

BAD luck for Hugo Hovenkamp. The Dutch left back, a late developer with Alkmaar in the past couple of seasons, missed the finals because of knee trouble which needed an early operation. Hovenkamp's defection came so late he had already been allocated his place and number in the squad of 22, and it was too late to introduce a replacement.

CLAUDIO COUTINHO upset his midfielders shortly before the finals when he took them all aside one by one to find out if one would take a Zagalo-type left-wing role.

He even asked Roberto Rivelino if he would play as he did in 1970 in Mexico, as an aide in midfield rather than the central figure. Rivelino's reply was short and to the point and Coutinho decided to give the idea a rest.

MARIO ZAGALO, one the eve of the finals, was one of the most popular of interviewees for the Brazilian journalists — particularly when he said he would without doubt have picked Francisco Marinho, Paolo Cesar and Luiz Pereira for the finals squad.

Cesar is returning to Europe next season with Paris Saint-Germain. I don't understand why, after his desperate failure to settle with Marseille, he should do any better at the mixed-up Parisian Club. Cesar, you may recall, joined Marseille along with Jairzinho and Claudio Coutinho for a brief stay after the 1974 finals.

Argentina is counting the cost of the World Cup in terms of lost production.

Factories and offices cut short shifts and the Government even granted public half-day holidays to enable people to see some of the matches.

Economists say production has probably been cut back 25 per cent during the past month.

* * *

Two Scotland fans, jostling and annoying locals in Cordoba, were led away by a policeman . . . to the cinema. The three of them watched Walt Disney's Fantasia.

Afterwards the policeman drove them to his home, served them coffee and then delivered them to the safety of their hotel.

* * *

A waiter was working his way through the tables at the Cordoba Press centre restaurant asking each diner: "Are you Señor Papadopolis?"

Finally he tried the smartly-dressed, bald-headed man at table 22. It was Bobby Charlton!

* * *

Holland complained about the length of the grass at Mendoza stadium following their 3-0 victory against Iran.

Captain Ruud Krol said: "The pitch was much too soft and the grass too long. It made the pace and bounce of the ball very strange.

Lajos Baroti, manager of Hungary.

"It took us a long time to get our game together because it was so difficult. The ball was also too soft.

"We had to play two or three touches before we could control it and that stopped us playing the way we can."

Iran echoed complaints about the pitch. Coach Asghar Sharafi said: "The grass came over the boot and was much too thick.

"The ball dropped dead instead of bouncing and the play wasn't able to flow as it should have done. It was difficult for both sides."

AMONG the fans flying in to Buenos Aires just before the jamboree began were a group of 25 sports goods retailers, on a ten-day World Cup junket as guests of that well-known firm, Admiral – whose cause was helped so much by Don Revie.

Their trip out was without problem. The only sour note was caused by the member of the party who turned up at Heathrow wearing a jersey bearing the insignia of . . . Umbro.

SECURITY

How do you guard millions of pounds worth of footballers?

Keir Radnedge from Argentina

HOW DO you make sure that millions of pounds worth of footballers are kept safe during a World Cup in these days of urban guerrillas, political terrorists and ruthless kidnappers?

Answer: You take the World Cup to a country where the iron hand of the armed forces are already bending an unruly society into obedience.

That was the secret of Argentina's World Cup exercise.

It wasn't that top-level security was particularly evident around the streets of the cities playing host. But the steel ring of the tommy-gun World Cup was only too evident around the people who mattered most — the players.

The security arrangements pose plenty of organisational problems. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and there were plenty of team managers only too relieved to retreat behind the monastic screens of the retiro camps.

Italy's Enzo Bearzot, on setting out for Argentina 10 days before the finals, spelled it out when he told a farewell reception of none-too-impressed officials and well-wishers that to get away to Argentina was the only way he could ensure the peace and quiet he needed to rebuild the morale and fitness of his team.

Freedom

He certainly got his peace and quiet. So did all the rest, though the Dutch seemed to find greater freedom of movement over at Mendoza than the other 15 squads.

The Argentines provided the best example of the concentration camp conditions.

The entrance to their headquarters was difficult enough to find in the first place. It was hidden away down some unmade roads at the back of an undistinguished village named Jose Carlos Paz. The estate itself was called Natalio Salvatori Foundation, and Menotti must have found it ideal after the public pressures of the last four years.

The roads in the village presented obstacles enough, with pot-holes, cracks, bumps and dips to test the suspension of a tank. And that was before reaching the two army checkpoints then the barbed wired gate which was the unprepossessing front door.

It was as if the visitor was trying to get into Eastern Europe through the back door. Even when Menotti decided to let people in — the Press one day, wives and girlfriends another, Argentine FA officials even another — it was evident the army guards with their steel helmets and assortment of pistols, truncheons, rifles and sub-machine guns were not very happy about it all.

Enzo Bearzot, manager of Italy.

Menotti himself would have found it difficult to get past!

It wasn't that they were unfriendly; they were just firm — or as firm as you need to be when you are dressed for active service with all the paraphernalia at your hip.

Visitors

Two by two, like animals going into the Ark, visitors were eventually grudgingly allowed through. But the checking wasn't at an end. There was still a control point to sort out identities, papers, permits.

In all, it took about an hour — if you were lucky, and they were expecting you.

Once inside it was easy. Who do you want to speak to? Senor Menotti? — There he is over there. Senor Luque? — There he is, he'll be finished training in a minute. Senor Passarella? He has been injured, but he'll be out to speak to you in a minute.

My first visit came two days after the opening 2-1 win over Hungary, two days before the game against France. I found a squad in a general little training session, with Menotti calmly answering questions from radio and newspaper men.

He had obviously steeled himself for the ordeal. So many tape recorders were stuck round his nose, ears, mouth by those eager to report his every word that this chain-smoker of a manager could barely get his cagarette to his lips.

In the main Menotti's subject matter was restricted to the game past and the games to come and what might happen to Argentina should they make the second round.

Comments

But I was interested in his comments on the changing (?) face of Argentine soccer.

Menotti was quick to deny that he had brought anything revolutionary to the nation's favourite sport. He explained: "How could I do anything to revolutionise soccer here in just four years, when it has been played in Argentina since before the start of this century?

"It wouldn't be possible.

"All that I have been trying my best to do is develop in the best possible way our traditional skills, those qualities which are strongest in our footballers, and tried to adapt them in an up-to-date style of play.

"I think our performance against Hungary showed that — whatever may happen in the other games — that this work is starting to bear fruit."

In the security of their World Cup retreats Menotti and his fellow managers were able to take the important decisions free from all immediate everyday pressures. Their lives had, for four weeks perhaps, been put into an odd, steel-ringed limbo.

The days are long gone when officials, well-wishers and sisters, mothers, wives, cousins and girlfriends could walk at their leisure into the team quarters.

Black September's Arab extremists put a stop to all that with their murderous action in the 1972 Munich Olympics.

Once the 'Devil's Books' were the only sort of cards people in football had to worry about; now the game is all about security cards. And guards . . . with steel helmets and tommy-guns.

Argentina proved the point.

USA LOBBY FIFA

THE ambitious bosses of North American soccer are ready to take the game across the last frontier and organise a genuine world club championship, writes DERICK ALLSOP.

They have already started to lobby FIFA for the World Cup in 1990 and have even enlisted Henry Kissinger to negotiate on their behalf.

But a club tournament with representation from every continent is a venture few would tackle.

The chequered history of the unofficial world club championship would put many on guard against such a tournament.

The Americans are aware of that and the many other obstacles, particularly the clash of seasons and the many commitments clubs and international players have.

But the men behind the idea are undeterred. They are confident they can overcome all those problems with the most powerful weapon of all — money.

One of those men is Francisco Marcos, an executive with Tampa Bay Rowdies. He is Portuguese-born, has a deep knowledge of the world game and an unswerving belief in the American cause.

He says: "I realise there are many problems to overcome. Different countries have different seasons and there are many competitions already.

"But we can handle this. I am sure we can bring together clubs from all the continents in one, well-organised and meaningful competition.

"For all the problems and the critics the clincher in the end will be money. We are willing to take this and arrange world-wide TV coverage. No one will be able to afford to say no."

Marcos and the American game gained some strength from Tampa Bay Rowdies' 2-1 victory against Manchester United in a friendly match at Tampa Stadium.

Dave Sexton was without his four World Cup Scots, key players Alex Stepney and Stuart Pearson had to be substituted and the rest were clearly affected by the heat.

But for all that the win was a milestone in American soccer. Tampa Bay played with considerable skill and invention, particularly in midfield and attack.

Pearson gave United an early lead but Tampa clinched their triumph with goals by Mike Connell and David Robb.

The Florida club took the opportunity to introduce American soccer writers to the British style of covering the game by organising a trans-Atlantic Press seminar.

I was one of three Manchester-based journalists invited to it. The others were David Meek, who for 20 years has reported United affairs for the Manchester Evening News, and Patrick Barclay of the Guardian.

I suspect, however, that we learned more from the weekend than we returned. Tampa Bay gave an object lesson in public relations technique.

Their players are not only encouraged to talk to the Press and public, they are required to by contract. British soccer lives in a different world.

The man behind the seminar and much of Tampa Bay's enterprise is Gordon Hill, the former FIFA referee now director of youth and community development at the club.

Hill is working on the local stock and, to that end, has set up youth clinics. Later this summer he is taking a party of 150 youngsters to London on a soccer course.

United moved on to the State of Oklahoma for their second match, against Bill Foulkes' team Tulsa Roughnecks. This time they overcame the artificial surface, a narrow pitch and a one-goal deficit to gain a 2-1 win.

Billy Caskey headed Tulsa in front against the run of play from a centre by Glentoran colleague Vic Moreland. But two late goals struck from long range by Brian Greenhoff spared United the humiliation of a second defeat.

* * *

The North American Soccer League have decided to extend their season next summer and could face a new battle in their long-running hostilities with the Football League.

The Americans plan to open their season the last week of March and stage the Soccer Bowl final in mid-September, and that is likely to heighten the controversy over the loan of Football League players.

British clubs are allowing players to miss their own matches to cross the Atlantic for the summer, but if the demand from America increases the Football League may have to introduce tighter control.

OBITUARY

Santiago Bernabeu and Josef Bozsik

EACH World Cup leads soccer into a new era — and that fact could not have been given heavier emphasis than by the deaths at the start of the finals of Santiago Bernabeu and Josef Bozsik.

Both were figures representative of great eras of Soccer Past — Bernabeu as president of Real Madrid since 1943, Bozsik as one of the first-rank Hungarians who inspired so much progress in the early 1950s.

Both had been ill for some time.

Bernabeu had an operation nine months ago to relieve stomach trouble and died a few days after suffering a sudden relapse. Bozsik had been forced by a heart attack to quit as Hungarian manager when he had barely taken the reins three years ago, and another attack was too much.

The players — the Hungarians wearing black armbands — stood for a minute's silence in Bozsik's memory at the start of their ill-fated game with Argentina; the Spaniards likewise the next day before the match with Austria.

Bernabeu was 83, having been a player with the fledgling Madrid FC in the early years before the first world war, then going on to become manager, trainer, secretary, director and finally president. Under him the now *Real* Madrid were transformed in just over 10 years from a mediocre club with little ambition and a 15,000-capacity ground, to the world's outstanding team with one of Europe's most impressive stadia.

He was a controversial character. Many critics accused him of being too paternalistic a president, and in more recent times there were others all too willing to criticise Bernabeu and Madrid as pillars of the Franco regime.

In fact Bernabeu tried as best he could to steer an apolitical course, which wasn't always easy, since in the late 1950s Real Madrid were the most outstanding ambassadors abroad for Spain, and Franco appreciated the fact!

Indeed, there are many suspicions now being voiced openly that the man who attacked Gerd Muller and referee Erich Linemayr at the end of the Champions' Cup tie with Bayern Munich — an act which had Madrid nearly chucked out of Europe for a season — was not just an odd drunk, but had been primed by a Right-wing organisation to whom Madrid had refused facilities for a political rally.

Bernabeu's feud with the Spanish football federation was a long one, and he rarely attended their meetings in person.

Yet he will always be remembered for the place Madrid have earned in soccer history, and for taking a major role in spearheading the great Inter-European competitive advance of the 1950s.

Bozsik's fame rests not on his administrative work, but for his efforts on the field. He was of course right half with the magical Magyar team who won the Olympic title in 1952, took England apart at Wembley in 1953, yet were stunningly beaten in the 1954 World Cup Final.

A lifelong friend of Ferenc Puskas — their youthful careers began in the same Kispet, later Honved, team — Bozsik became the only Hungarian to achieve 100 international appearances, and also became a member of parliament.

Soccer has lost two outstanding figures; who will take their places?

Argentina 78 — THE BATTY ANALYSIS

No great sic surprise!

AS I expected the World Cup has not produced a great side, comparable, for example, with Holland at their best in 1974 and Brazil in 1970, but there have been several good games.

One of the best was Scotland v. Peru, made good because the South Americans played football on the ground, penetrating by inter-play up the middle and making it pay through the sharpshooting of Teofilo Cubillas.

The 'dummies' in this competition have been far better than I expected with the exception of Mexico. Admittedly Iran and Tunisia had to play with packed defences in order to hold their own, but they did far better than even their fans could have hoped.

Iran, against Scotland, proved themselves to me, when after holding the Scots for the first half they gave away the lead through an own goal. That could have been the signal for a general collapse, but they played on magnificently, disciplined and composed, and even grabbed an equaliser.

It is a pity that the Afro-Asian teams have to play defensively for it spoils the game as a spectacle. Having underlined that, full marks to Iran and Tunisia. I predicted that both Mexico and Peru would be nothing and though Mexico were probably the poorest side in the competition, Peru's boss Marcos Calderon did a great job.

My assessment was based on the fact that both teams were full of old players until the very last weeks before the big kick off. During that time the bosses of Mexico and Peru realised that they would fail with their old hands and tried to re-build.

Mexico failed miserably with no one showing up his lack of experience more than goalkeeper Pilar Reyes. He looked nervous and afraid too, and his colleagues were too busy coping with their own problems to help him.

Marcos Calderon realised very late that his team that had qualified were over the hill, and in a very short space of time, almost completely re-built his team around Teofilo Cubillas. Fortunately for Calderon, the players he needed were available to him and some of the unknowns did him proud. Back in 1970 I was so impressed by the football Peru played that I saw three of their four matches and enjoyed every minute. At that time their defence was poor and their goalkeepers were diabolical, letting the team down very badly.

This time Ramon Quiroga was one of Peru's stars, in my view the best goalkeeper in the first round matches. He proved himself in the air against Scotland, produced a string of very good saves, and played a big part in keeping Peru in the game when things went against them.

Ironically Quiroga was an Argentinian and on his display against Scotland he looked far more capable than Argentina's Fillol about whom I have the gravest doubts.

My queries about Peru revolved around their key men in the qualifying games — men like Hugo Sotil, Cubillas, Melendez and Chumpitaz, who provided the backbone of the side until shortly before the big kick off. Then Calderon began to swing his axe and promote younger and unknown players, and using excellent judgement in retaining Hector Chumpitaz and Cubillas.

Chumpitaz at 34 played a real captain's part at the heart of Peru's defence and even though he is quite small for a centre back, he was never found wanting in the first round.

In 1970, Cubillas and centre forward Perico Leon were the key men, playing together with the ball on the floor down the middle. Running with the ball, beating men with close dribbles and inter-passing. Cubillas has worn well and it is no surprise to me that the New York Cosmos are apparently after him.

As in Mexico, Peru were a team geared to attack and this time the close dribbling and fierce shooting of Cubillas was the most prominent feature, but the contribution of little Cesar Cueto should not be overlooked either. Like Cubillas, Cueto worked his legs off in midfield, mounting and taking a full part in their attacks.

Peru played it just right with two wingers and two old fashioned inside forwards. Wingers Juan Jose Munante and Juan Carlos Oblitas deserve a special mention for by playing wide and playing well they kept opposing defences spread wide apart for Cubillas and Co., to penetrate down the middle. Munante was the quickest while Oblitas had more skill and by threatening danger, they stopped the opposition from concentrating on the centre and putting up a five man barrier to Cubillas and Cueto.

This is precisely why wingers are so important in these days of packed defences: they keep the defenders spread wide. Unfortunately, just as most foreign teams are beaten before they kick off against England at Wembley, so Peru were terrified of Brazil and Peru failed miserably in the first match in the second round. Scotland held no fears for Peru, but though the present Brazil team is nothing, the Peru players were beaten before they started, conceding some sloppy goals and failing to produce their football in attack.

I am sure it was all psychological for even Quiroga had a stinker against Brazil, and not one Peru player played up to his best form.

Peru goalkeeper Ramon Quiroga is covered by Rudolfo Manzo in the match against Holland.

Undeserved

At the start, Sweden were made to look like a good side when Brazil dropped a point to them. If only Sweden had more penetrative power in attack they would have beaten Brazil, but lacking a real goalscorer, Sweden let Brazil off the hook and get away with a 1-1 draw they hardly deserved.

Rivelino was made the scapegoat for Brazil's failure, but in truth his only crime was that he could not find anyone up front to pass to!

The Brazilians finally struggled through to the second round by beating Austria who looked good at first in what was in fact a very poor group. All four sides in Group Three turned out to be joke teams for my assessment of Austria who I saw in a qualifying game was . . . a lot of nothing.

Though others were impressed by Austria's victories over Spain and Sweden, my view was upheld when Holland finally got hold of them and gave them a 5-1 drubbing. That puts Austria firmly in their place and also emphasises what I said before the

Argentina 78 — THE BATTY ANALYSIS

sides... no

by ERIC BATTY

Welsh referee Clive Thomas ignores Brazilian protests after he had blown for full-time as Brazil had "scored" what would have been the winning goal against Sweden.

Zico (8) of Brazil "scores" the goal against Sweden which was disallowed by referee Clive Thomas because he had blown for full-time.

competition about a lot of bad teams going to the finals.

Sweden I knew were strong at the back but light up front, but I haven't seen Spain for eighteen months, but going by the players in their squad I thought they would be strong but not particularly good. In the event, Austria won their group simply because they were put in with a lot of rubbish.

For the benefit of those who want to know my opinions, writing at the half way stage, the ideal 'football' final would be Argentina v. Peru. *And though our friends from Iran and* Tunisia might not like it, the only teams that come up to the standard of what I expect from a showcase of all that is good in the game are Argentina, Peru and Holland in flashes.

For the rest, Poland for their attacking spirit and Hungary for the way they played against Argentina deserved to be there, but the rest are not up to World Cup standard.

Holland are struggling at times because they lack a real centre forward and are playing most of the time with three wingers, Robbie Rensenbrink, Rene van der Kerkhoff and Johnny Rep. Given Ruud Geels, of Ajax or Kees Kist of Alkmaar AZ '67, Holland would be transformed but these two men, the top scorers in Holland last season, and genuine centre forwards, both declined to go to Argentina apparently for political reasons.

I have heard it said that Holland would be better with Johan Cruyff and that would be true if it was the Cruyff of seven years ago. With Cruyff, 1978 vintage, he would drop back into midfield, where his skill would entertain and make Holland *LOOK* better, but what they need is someone leaping about at centre forward snapping up the goals.

The West Germany-Poland game that opened the series was almost a non-event, partly because neither side was prepared to lose, and played with the emphasis on stopping the opposition from scoring. Poland had the chances to have won but though Wlodzimierz Lubanski clearly knows the game he no longer has the puff to play it.

Kazimierz Deyna and Zbigniew Boniek are the only attacking Poles to live up to their reputations while Grzegorz Lato and Andrzej Szarmach are powder puffs compared to the goalscoring terrors they were four years ago. No one will look forward to playing against Poland in the last stages, but I do not expect any fireworks from them, even though they could reach the last four.

Hungary underlined what I meant about Peru being beaten before they started against Peru, for Hungary looked very ordinary apart from one short spell when they were given a good seeing to by England at Wembley just before the World Cup.

That was not the real Hungary at Wembley. The real Hungary was more like the side that worried Argentina in their first game before the shambles of the last ten minutes when a poor referee who had failed to act early on, finally littered the place with red cards in desperation.

Aeroplane

Thus the real Hungary were not seen against Italy or France, and apart from missing their suspended players, both key men in their attack, Hungary were without their goalscoring aeroplane left winger Bela Varadi who missed all the games through injury.

Argentina I have liked very much with the most impressive players being centre forward Leopoldo Luque and the midfield stars Oswaldo Ardiles and Daniel Valencia. Cesar Luis Menotti has an abundance of midfield talent available but no substitute for Luque.

In attack, Mario Kempes has proved himself to be no more than what I thought he was when he scored two goals at Wembley — a hammer. Kempes lacks the necessary skill to be outstanding but he has a tremendous wallop in his left foot.

But Argentina have been disappointing in attack because neither Rene Houseman nor Daniel Bertoni have produced their best. If Bertoni or Houseman began to look dangerous, beat men and get to the by-line and also chip in a goal or two then Argentina would be transformed as long as Luque is fit enough to give 100% and there are no more injuries.

On the debit side, I do not have any confidence in goalkeeper Ubaldo Fillol who has made one or two spectacular saves but makes many basic errors. Neither would I trust right back Jorge Olguin or centre back Luis Galvan. Olguin looks OK going forward but I do not think he is a good defender.

But all credit to Argentina. They are the best all round team in the competition and thanks to Menotti's discipline, they have been very well behaved.

Finally those game stranglers from Turin, have managed to kid an awful lot of people that they are now more sporting and more attack orientated. As I see it, they are only a shade more adventurous in allowing full backs and *libero* to move upfield now and again, but they only do it when they are behind AND when it is perfectly safe to do so.

They take no chances and give nothing away, and off the ball there is a lot going on that the officials are missing. Leopards do not change their spots overnight. It will take a million years of gradual evolution to wean the Italians away from *catenaccio* and if I believe they will show themselves in their true colours before the World Cup is over, I also fear that Italy could go all the way and win it.

I pray it will not happen, because it could be the worst thing that has happened to football since England won the World Cup in 1966.

Argentina 78 — FRANCE — Argentina 78

OUT ... BUT WITH HONOUR!

From Andre Duclos

WELL, we went out, and surely with honour, and if there were tales of the French team scraping the Adidas stripes off their boots with knives, then so there were before Scotland played the World Cup Finals of 1974.

Only the atrocious, home-oriented refereeing of the inept Swiss, Jean Dubach, prevented France from drawing, or perhaps even winning, our game against Argentina, in which there can scarcely be any doubt that we were the better team.

That penalty will rankle in the minds of French football fans for decades to come. There is every reason to believe that Marius Trésor didn't intentionally handle the ball, and if the referee was so unsure that he had to consult a Canadian linesman immensely less well placed than himself, then how could he possibly award it?

I tell you one thing: if the game had been played on a neutral ground, let alone the Parc des Princes, he would never have given it in a thousand years. By the same token, why on earth did he not award a penalty to France when Didier Six was so blatantly pulled down in the second half?

Salvation

Well, I think we all know why. There are some referees who are brave, like Abraham Klein of Israel, and there are others who are not. Still, every team, so to speak, carries its own salvation on its boots, and Six should have scored before that, when he was clean through. What an eventful match the Lens striker, who always seems to come vibrantly to life in South America, had. His superb left footed shot provoked the best save of the game from the Argentinian goalkeeper, Fillol.

The old question of what might have been lingers in the mind. Michel Platini was alleged to have protested forcefully as he left the field, after the Italian match, that Dominique Bathenay should have been chosen, that even a half fit Bathenay would have been better company than those who played with him in the French midfield. I think he was probably right. Bathenay, against Argentina, was not the Bathenay we know, not fit enough to go storming forward into attack as he so often and so splendidly does. But he gave the muscle and the physical challenge to our midfield which was badly missing against Italy, where there was nobody to counter the rugged methods of Romeo Benetti.

I suppose you might say tradition had something to do with it. Amazingly enough, France have not beaten Italy now for 58 years. When Bernard Lacombe headed that delightful opening goal, it really looked as though the sequence had ended: but alas, instead it persists. Should Marc Berdoll of Marseille have been preferred to Lacombe?

Unquestionably

Certainly in the final game against Hungary, his activity and challenge suggested that he might have been a more incisive leader, and unquestionably it was in finishing that we fell down. That, together with some spineless refereeing. But these are all mere speculations now.

What is by no means speculation is the performance, the magisterial performance, of the Guadeloupian sweeper, Marius Trésor. The 28-year-old Marseille man could scarcely have played better, and it is especially unfortunate that as superb an exhibition as he gave against the Argentinians, an exhibition compounded of heart, strength, technique, anticipation and leadership, should have been marred by that fatuous penalty kick. Tresor was perhaps the finest defender, outside goalkeepers, of the whole World Cup, just as Michel Platini was surely one of the finest midfield attackers.

That, I think, is how you should best classify the splendid Nancy man, who was so keenly effective against the Argentinians, and who hit the bar with such a fulminating shot when he came on against Hungary in the second half, a game in which France played so much devastating football. Platini also showed his absolute mastery of the short and the long pass alike, while one moment when he casually sidestepped past a bewildered Hungarian defender, from left to right, as though strolling past a lamp post, will remain in my mind as one of the most delectable of this World Cup.

The only thing one might perhaps lament is that Platini could not score with one of those diabolic free kicks which he has perfected by hours of lonely practice. Dino Zoff must feel relieved, as Platini of course twice banged the ball past him from such kicks, one high, one low, in Naples, earlier in the year. His through passes were, I think, especially deserving of appreciation. Would that the response to them had always been just what they deserved!

Irrelevant

Just Fontaine and Raymond Kopa, heroes of the 1958 team which took third place in Sweden in 1958, and in the view of many people deserved second, were here to watch the French. Comparisons are not only odious but, given the way soccer has developed, irrelevant. Nevertheless, I think it not unfair to say that Kopa, with his lovely balance, his clever dribbling, his exquisite passing, has found a proper successor, at least in the 1978 side, to Just Fontaine, with his deadly finishing. A Fontaine would have thrived and blossomed on the through passes served up by Platini.

Wingers we now seem able to produce in surprising abundance. Perhaps Michel Hidalgo, to whom so much credit for the French prowess goes, might have been wise to choose Dominique Rocheteau for the first game against Italy. When little Olivier Rouyer came in against Hungary, he certainly showed that he is a forward of international quality. Still, there we are. France surely deserved to be among the last eight, and had the World Cup draw been different, fairer, we just as surely would have been.

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FRANCO CAUSIO must have had mixed feelings of happy embarrassment after playing a major part in Italy's opening 2-1 win over France.

Before the tournament began the 29-year-old Juventus forward had tipped France to face Brazil in the final on June 25.

ITALY'S manager Enzo Bearzot was told early on that the Italian FA were ready to offer a two-year extention to his contract.

Bearzot didn't have much time to think about a new deal — perhaps wisely ... despite his team's early performances there was no guaranteeing defeat later on wouldn't prompt a public outcry back home for his instant dismissal.

Several other managers are already on the look-out for other jobs. While West Germany's Helmut Schoen is all set for retirement, Argentina's Cesar Menotti has said that four years in charge is enough, and Austria's Helmut Senekowitsch will not be renewing his contract after the finals because of internal squabbling.

But Michel Hidalgo, manager of France, denied reports that he would submit his resignation even before his men left for home. Hidalgo was nevertheless said to be "bitter and upset" about interference from above.

PAULO ROSSI provides hope for all footballers worried about the effects of cartilage operations.

The £3.5 million rated Italian has overcome three operations, has only one cartilage left — in his right knee — and yet was top scorer in Italy's first division last season and the second division the previous year. Rossi, who plays for Lanerossi Vicenza, is still only 21!

Johnston scandal

SCOTLAND'S World Cup exploits became a catalogue of catastrophes on and off the field.

The comprehensive defeat by Peru — for which the Sco's were patently unprepared — was followed by a wretched 1-1 draw against Iran.

The final, futile, victory against Holland in Mendoza made the events of the previous week all the more extraordinary.

Morale and respect had been shattered not only by results. Stories of players living it up, complaints by the Mexicans about noise and wrangles over bonuses gushed from the Scottish camp.

But the biggest disgrace of all came after the Peru match when a dope test on winger Willie Johnston proved positive.

The Scottish FA ordered Johnston to pack his bags, sent him home and told him he would never play for his country again. On June 5 the SFA issued this statement:

"Yesterday afternoon FIFA intimated to the Scottish Football Association that the doping control test carried out on the player William Johnston at the conclusion of the Peru v Scotland match had given a positive result.

"An immediate investigation was carried out and the player admitted that despite repeated warnings and instructions which were given to all members of the squad, both collectively and individually, by the Association's medical officer, he had taken, prior to the match, two stimulative tablets.

"During the course of this investigation it was established clearly and positively that no other player in the squad was involved in any way whatsoever."

"The Association officials have decided that the player will not take any further part in the World Cup competition, that he will return home as soon as appropriate arrangements can be made, that further disciplinary measures against him will be considered later, and that he will not be selected to represent Scotland again.

"The Scottish Football Association has never before been involved in such a matter and the officials concerned here in Argentina are determined that the good name of our country must be protected.

"Whatever Scotland's results on the football field might be, they will be achieved fairly."

CAUSIO WRONG

SWEDEN'S part-timers really are just that.

Skipper Bjorn Nordqvist runs a shoe shop, Roy Andersson is a civil engineer, Ingmar Erlandsson an economics student, Staffan Tapper a bank clerk. Thomas Sjöberg, who scored the goal in the 1-1 draw with Brazil, runs his own sports equipment shop.

ARGENTINE left back Alberto Jorge Tarantini was the only player in the finals not to play for any club team.

Tarantini was under contract to South American champions Boca Juniors, but when he asked for a big pay rise at the start of the year he was turned down and Boca refused to renew his contract.

No-one else wanted to waste a big fee on him, because Tarantini was hoping to negotiate a transfer to a European club as soon as the finals were over.

POLAND manager Jacek Gmoch said he didn't mind his players smoking or drinking "in moderation".

What does he consider moderate? The Polish delegation put in an order for 380 bottles of high-proof Polish vodka to be laid on at their headquarters in time for the start of the second round.

RENE VAN DER KERKHOF, describing his long-standing soccer partnership with twin brother Willy: "We started playing football together when we were eight.

"We were the same then as we are now — Willy does the thinking and I score the goals."

SCOTLAND'S DISASTER

WHAT can one make of Scotland's World Cup campaign? You can't even say it was disaster from start to finish, because they did finish with a 3-2 win over Holland, albeit poor opponents.

The problems started long before the World Cup, and manager Ally Macleod must take most of the blame. His lack of interest in Scotland's opponents and in keeping tabs on the league form of his own players was his downfall.

It was clear in England that this side of January both Rioch and Masson has been out of form and were not serious candidates for World Cup places. Yet Macleod persisted with them, even after the British Championship.

On top of all that came the Willie Johnston scandal. The West Bromwich left winger was caught out for taking pep pills before the Peru game, not that it did him much good in the game or after. He was banned from international competition for a year by FIFA and from Scotland's team sine die by the SFA.

The Scots tried to pass this off as one player's blunder. But can you imagine Helmut Schoen, Enzo Bearzot or Cesar Menotti being unaware of such a possibility?

Scotland's fans did not particularly endear themselves either. There were long letters in the English language Buenos Aires Herald from Scots' descendants deploring the fans' behaviour — but then, for once, it appeared that the fans had cause to get steamed up.

Scottish officials also got upset, at the treatment they received from the British press. But then . . . with the Massons and Macaris and Johnstons selling their "stories" who was to blame? The press didn't create the problems — responsibility lies elsewhere and the sooner the Scots recognise the fact the sooner they can start putting their tarnished reputation to rights.

A TALE OF REFER

ARGENTINA'S two opening matches of the World Cup bore out precisely what had been feared. Referees were conditioned and intimidated by the behaviour of the crowd, with the result that the home team was manifestly and monstrously favoured. Both Garrido, the Portuguese referee of Argentina v. Hungary, and Debach, the Swiss referee of Argentina v. France, were disgracefully inadequate. Not till the sturdy little Israeli, Abraham Klein, took control, and really did take control, of the third match against Italy did we see justice done, with no more gifts of concessions to the Argentinians.

Let us be fair. In the opening Argentinian match, it was very much a question of six of one, half a dozen of the other. The Hungarians, who had kicked England comprehensively in an allegedly friendly match at Wembley, kicked the Argentinians even more comprehensively. Garrido failed hopelessly and disgracefully to exercise any kind of sway over the reciprocal fouls. He gave them, it is true, but time after time, fouls which should automatically have incurred the yellow card were not followed by a caution. Inevitably, the players realised they could get away with all kinds of mayhem, and in consequence, the concluding phases of the game were quite repugnant.

A Hungarian training session.

The Argentinians, holding on to their narrow lead, began obstructing and otherwise fouling the Hungarians in the manner common to their kind. In particular, it became almost impossible for Andres Toroscik to play. Giving a performance which is no way resembled the pallor of his play at Wembley, the little, blond centre-forward, beautifully balanced and adroit, took on two or even three Argentinians, almost always to be fouled and cynically stopped by the last.

In the end, he had simply had enough of it, lashed out, and was sent off the field. There is no excusing, as opposed to extenuating, his reaction, but I submit that it was wholly understandable. There was substantially less excuse for Tibor Nyilasi's expulsion foul. He had scarcely done enough in the game to justify even a flash of malicious temper.

By an immense irony, Toroscik in fact became the first player in this torrid game to be booked; for daring to throw the ball petulantly away at a throw-in. Woe unto him who defies a referee's authority, especially one whose authority is as shaky as Garrido's! Into the book he went. I remarked at the time that it was rather like throwing a top Mafioso into goal for income tax evasion.

I wrote all this, or much of it, in the *SUNDAY TIMES*, and was rewarded by a welter of thin skinned abuse. *EL GRAFICO*, a magazine which should know better, attacked me bitterly for my strictures on Argentinian football behaviour, past and present. They were especially upset by my repetition of

OF SCOTLAND AN

BEFORE the last Scottish game against Holland, a Hungarian journalist remarked to an English colleague that for the Scots to win this match at Mendoza, would be for a country to lose a war, then discover they had the atom bomb. Certainly the Scots belied the dry remark of Jan Jongbloed, Holland's veteran goalkeeper, also before the game, when asked whether he thought Scotland could score the necessary three goals against Holland. "Yes," he said, "but not in ninety minutes."

How much was Ally MacLeod to blame for the disastrous results of the first two matches, how far was it attributable to the failings of the players? The chicken and the egg, perhaps. When, down at Italy's camp at the Hindu Club, outside Buenos Aires, I said to Dino Zoff, Italy's fine goalkeeper, that I thought the manager must be culpable, he shook his head and said no: results like those couldn't be blamed on the manager; it was the players.

Still, it was quite apparent that MacLeod was out of his depth and out of his class. Nor was he helped by the silly euphoria of those Scottish football journalists whom an English colleague has called "supporters with typewriters." They should have treated him with intelligent objectivity, not as a kind of new Messiah. They should have questioned the commercialism of Scotland's approach to the World Cup; should have demanded why MacLeod was not looking at his opponents in the flesh.

Inevitably, the romance petered out in Cordoba, where MacLeod even had a violent scene – not without some cause – with the journalist presumed to be closest to him.

You may also feel that a manager has something to do with his team's morale, and Scotland's inability to run and truly challenge against Iran – not to mention the last half hour or so of the game against Peru – was lamentable. Lamentable, too, was MacLeod's team selection, till the final game. How could he possibly keep out Graeme Souness till the final game, in which Souness' performance was the strongest possible rebuke to him.

MacLeod read the Peruvian game ineptly, in so far as he read it at all, and he was much too slow a thinker to correct matters when it was so obvious that things had gone wrong.

What lay behind the astonishing resurgence of the Italians? Dino Zoff told me he thought it had much to do with me giving away of the first goal, the early one against France. "It took away every worry and fear. When you give away a goal at once, the team reacts, and in reacting, you see you have the chance to win, you recover the faith in

EREES

BRIAN GLANVILLE *at the World Cup*

certain remarks made to me in London shortly before the World Cup by Lajos Baroti.

While Hungary were training at Wembley, the evening before meeting England, he said with resignation that everything would be in favour of Argentina, and that he expected that the referees would give them a couple of penalties. He also said that it was terribly important for the financial success of the tournament that Argentina should do well.

EL GRAFICO'S outburst set off a chain of others; in the Buenos Aires Press and then, that same Tuesday night, while the game between Argentina and France was going on, by the radio, to be precise, by a far commentator called Munoz. When Argentina score, Munoz's cry of GO-O-L/L! is reminiscent of a she wolf in ecstacy; or torment. He attacked me with abuse which was at best hysterical, at worst incoherent, but out there on the field, as a number of other journalists from places as far apart as Rumania, Italy and Uruguay, assured me afterwards, my criticisms were being made flesh.

The penalty kick Argentina were given, the penalty kick France were not given, were alike lamentable. That there was a case of sorts for the penalty against France, I have no doubt, but the inept Swiss referee scarcely made it, refusing to take responsibility — he was far from the play — eventually running to the Canadian linesman, who was farther off and scarcely better placed then he. "He asked him," said a young Uruguayan journalist, wryly, "what sort of cigarettes do you smoke?" An Argentinian journalist, asked whose hand had touched the ball, replied more drily still, "The hand of God."

When Didier Six was brought down in the box in the second half, it seemed the clearest of penalties to me; and to many of the Argentinian critics. But it was not given, so that Argentina lived to fight another day, and a really splendid French team, the happy surprise of the group, went out, though with considerable honour.

Meanwhile, the amiable Juvenal, *EL GRAFICO'S* chief correspondent, huffily refused to speak to me, after muttering that "you treated us very badly." Us? But who on earth are "us." Certainly not himself. Certainly not the Argentinian people, the Argentinian flag. When I visited Jorge Luis Borges, the country's most distinguished writer, who told me he regarded the World Cup as "a national calamity," he deplored the myth of what he called Salvation Through Football.

The idea that the World Cup should somehow improve "the Argentinian image" appalled him, too. He was, he said, as patriotic as any man, but the country's honour was scarcely at stake, and he was much more interested in its traditions and spirit than in its so called "image."

The Argentinian team was a curious mixture of the scintillatingly good and the surprisingly bad. On reflection, I believe their manager, Cesar Menotti, was wrong not to bring more players back from Europe. As we know, he was unlucky in the case of Osvaldo Piazza, who had actually returned to Argentina when his wife and child had a motor accident, causing him to return hotfoot to France. But Menotti could have had Enrique Wolff, that versatile defender from Real Madrid, who can play either as sweeper, stopper, full-back or midfielder.

Menotti could have had him, but somewhat perversely insisted that he be back in Buenos Aires by early April. There was of course no question at all of Real Madrid releasing him at such a point of their season, so Argentina lost him. By contrast, they got Mario Kempes who, on the somewhat perplexing grounds that he was already well acquainted with the Argentina team, was allowed to leave Valencia in early May.

I wish I could quite make up my mind about Kempes. He is certainly a player of glorious gifts, and his combination with the dashing Leopoldo Luque in Argentina's first two matches was easily the best thing they had to offer. The two big, dark, dashing long haired men struck sparks off each other, and fashioned for each other some splendid chances. Each played at devastating speed, each showed both courage and control, each had a pulverising shot, Luque with the right foot, Kempes with the left.

It was when Luque dropped out with his elbow injury that the trouble started. I was pretty sure that Kempes would be a diminished figure without him, but not even I could have foreseen quite how inept he would be in the game against Italy, especially in the second match. He did provoke one splendid save from Dino Zoff with a bullet of a left footed free kick in the first half, but thereafter we scarcely saw him at all. There was none of the lovely control at speed, the acceleration, the imaginative use of running, which had distinguished him in the previous games. The trouble was, of course, that Argentina were now playing with two wide wingers, each of whom, ironically turned in a very good performance against Italy, though this helped not at all.

Bertoni, who is admirably two footed — and has, alas, a lefthook as well, as Trevor Cherry will ruefully testify — was full of enterprise and pace in his role on the right, while the stocky little Ortiz, socks around his ankles, was most impressive on the left. When he was substituted by little Rene Houseman, late in the second half, I thought it was unfair to him and of no advantage to Argentina. Something strange seemed to have happened to Houseman in those three opening games. For those of us who had seen and greatly admired him in West Germany four years earlier, he was quite enigmatically bad. The virtue had gone out of him, for we know what a tormentingly good player he can be when he is on song.

I do, however, like Ardiles, the little, slick haired midfielder, best of the Argentinian creative players, to my mind, always so busily, eagerly and intelligently involved, looking rather like a tango star with his curiously old fashioned appearance.

Few midfielders, however, did better than Teofilo Cubillas of Peru, playing so gloriously within his present physical means in midfield, a player who has known how to make what for some has been the traumatising adjustment from striker, the role of the hero, to midfield, the role of the general. He can still beat people easily, use the ball exquisitely, and strike it, as Alan Rough will surely testify, with enormous power.

AND OTHERS

yourself that perhaps we had lost."

Franco Causio, who gave, with Bettega, such a lustrous performance against Argentina, said that the goalless draw with Yugoslavia, in Rome, which earned them such abuse from their own Press, was no fair yardstick. The team, he explained, had been preparing not for that one game but for the World Cup itself. That, together with the intense heat in Rome on the day, were responsible for the weary performances of several players.

The Italians displayed some glorious football against the Argentinians, demonstrating what I have long believed and maintained; namely that so far as Italian teams are concerned, it is all in the mind. The excellence of such stars as Franco Causio and Roberto Bettega is well known; but there were many recent occasions on which you were obliged to take it on trust. In the case of Bettega, whose dazzling and unselfish performance against the Argentinians so much impressed Ron Greenwood, his falling off had much to do with injury.

Out at the Hindu Club, I recalled to him that the last time we'd met, he was limping, wearing a blue dressing gown, along the dressing-room corridor of the stadium in Turin; an odd sight to see, just after he had scored four goals against the Finns. But he had sprained an ankle that afternoon, and it was now, he told me, a chronic injury. Later, he had a groin strain, too.

Zoff laid much emphasis on the tranquility of the Hindu Club where no Italian newspapers penetrated. The harsh criticism had made the players determined to show that "we were not the imbeciles they expected." Indeed they weren't.

● *Continued on page 47*

LIVERPOOL DO NO COMPARE WITH F

by ERIC BATTY

WITH Liverpool taking the European Cup two years in a row, Liverpool fans, and perhaps a majority of Englishmen, now regard the Anfield side as the equals of other teams that have achieved this distinction.

I will not argue that Liverpool are not probably the strongest team in Europe, but this is an indictment of the European game in general, and I only fall foul of those Liverpool supporters who now regard their team as great. As regular readers of *World Soccer* will know I insist on keeping a sense of perspective, using the term 'great' only sparingly.

To underline this, it may come as a surprise to some that I did not rate Real Madrid a truly great side between 1956 and 1959 when they won four finals. At that time they had only one great player, Alfredo Di Stefano, but he was so good that on his own he was almost a one man team.

This was never underlined more noticeably than in the 1958 final against AC Milan when the Italians had two great players in Nils Liedholm and Juan Schiaffino, and taking the lead twice with goals from Schiaffino and the Argentinian Ernesto Grillo, they were only beaten by Di Stefano.

That day at the Heysel Stadium in Brussels, Di Stefano was at once the best Madrid defender, the best midfield player, and their best forward, scoring their equaliser after the Uruguayan had deservedly put Milan ahead.

In truth, the Italians took the Madrid defence apart with some very fine attacking play, and Raymond Kopa (in fact a great player) had one of his off days and contributed very little.

On the overall play Milan were quite the better side and but for the heroic and superb performance by Di Stefano I would have no hesitation in saying they deserved to win. Certainly, the 1958 Milan team was the best ever to lose a European Cup Final.

Only in 1959-60 when Ferenc Puskas joined Di Stefano did Real Madrid become truly great, and their 7-3 final victory over Eintracht Frankfurt stands out in the memory as the best performance I ever saw from the 'Meringues'.

Until Jose Santamaria came from Uruguay to re-inforce their defence, Real Madrid always had some poor players at the back and the fact is that whenever they were forced to play without Di Stefano they looked very ordinary.

Never did one man contribute so much to one team as Di Stefano did to Real Madrid, but a truly great side has to have three or preferably four great players. Madrid were successful for so long, largely because Di Stefano covered so much ground, frequently playing like two men (equal to two great players) and never was this more obvious than in 1958 when, during extra time, Di Stefano was clearly shattered by his physical exertions, and at last Kopa and Francisco Gento got into the game.

By the same token, I did not rate Benfica a great side when they first won the European Cup in 1961 for Barcelona were very poor indeed in the final in spite of their illustrious line up.

Only in 1962, when Germano at the back, Mario Coluna in midfield and Eusebio up front were really great and shattered Real Madrid 5-3 in Amsterdam, did Benfica rise to greatness. And they did not stay there because Eusebio very quickly lost his taste for the battle while Germano quit the game with a knee injury.

Although I know I am inviting a bumper post from people having a go at me, I resigned myself long ago to the tag that I am a well known idiot, because I refuse to applaud the ordinary as great — as I did with England in the 1966 World Cup.

So for the record, I was bored by the Liverpool-Bruges European Cup Final. Utterly bored.

It would be unfair to lay all the blame for this at the door of Liverpool, for the game was destined to be a low scoring, defensive scrap from the moment that Raoul Lambert was ruled unfit.

Lambert means so much to Bruges, for it was him who spearheaded them when they took a 2-0 lead against Liverpool at Anfield in the final of the 1976 UEFA Cup (even though they were finally beaten 3-2).

Having been manager-coach of a senior amateur side that had an exceptionally good centre forward, I am very well aware how much one man can mean to the morale of a team. No matter what the score, it was always possible to 'lift' my team at half time, even from a 0-5 deficit, to come back to 4-5 and hit a post in the last minute. But only when this particular centre forward was playing. With him, the players *believed in themselves*, but he was irreplacable.

So it is with all the great teams. Without Di Stefano, Real Madrid were very ordinary. Without Allan Simonsen, Borussia Monchengladbach did not believe they could do well enough at Anfield. Belief is vital in football and without Lambert I am sure that the Bruges players did not believe they could win. But Liverpool showed by the number of misplaced passes they made that they still cannot play to marked men — and that is the secret of top quality football.

With very rare exceptions, British clubs do not coach their players in 'how' to play to tightly marked forwards, and thus, though Liverpool tried to play their "patient game", specially designed for European competition, they failed to take the Bruges defence apart, and on the rare occasions that they did threaten, Danish international goalkeeper Birger Jensen intervened.

The plain fact is that by my standards, Liverpool have not got one great player, though they do have a lot of good ones. If Liverpool had a Di Stefano it would have made all the difference, but alas, we in Britain have never been so blessed.

As a game, the 1978 European Cup Final was a poor one, but again to place it in perspective it is not without precedent. FC Internazionale were twice responsible for spoiling finals, with the 1965 final, played on their home ground at San Siro being the worst. On that occasion they beat Benfica 1-0 with a goal by the Brazilian right winger Jair (a

Beware you R e

HALF-WAY through the most boring European Cup final that I ever sat through, those uncommitted spectators at Wembley and millions of tele-viewers must have been asking the same question that kept flashing through my mind: Are these really the best club sides in Europe? The answer is of course easy — long after this poor match is forgotten the statistic will remain that Liverpool won the European Cup for the second year running.

No one will be concerned how they did it — least of all the Belgians whose champions FC Bruges depleted by injuries offered only passive resistance in what was after all a home match for Liverpool.

Now the talk is of a "treble" and even Liverpool's usually phlegmatic manager Bob Paisley is reported as saying: "We want a hat-trick of European Cups." He and his fans might be forgiven for thinking that if Bruges is the best the Continent has to offer, then there is no reason to suppose why Liverpool could not do it again. Or perhaps Nottingham Forest, whom Paisley described as his team's strongest challengers next season.

The neutral European saw the Final from a different angle. In Switzerland's largest sports paper "Sport" (Zurich) the headline over the Wembley match report ran: "Is this the end of Liverpool's era?"

I, too, have a sneaking suspicion that Liverpool and Nottingham Forest — especially England's new, but internationally inexperienced champions — will get a shock this coming term. In the first place there are likely to be stronger contenders for Europe's premier trophy and secondly, even if they reach the final it won't be at Wembley.

Of the four major successes of English football, three have been achieved at Wembley: The World Cup 1966 and two European Cups, 1968 and 1978. The sole victory in a final on foreign soil was Liverpool's European Cup triumph in Rome. Let me add, that Liverpool were worthy winners of both those finals, but I doubt if they will find it as easy again to get that far.

At least five clubs will mount a powerful challenge next time. Holland, West Germany, Spain, Italy and Russia have

NOT
REAL

very ordinary player) that passed between the legs of the Benfica goalkeeper. Content to win 1-0 and with a cast-iron defence, we were denied a look at the creative talents of Luis Suarez, Sandro Mazzola and Mario Corso because Helenio Herrera was only interested in the result.

Even the super Ajax and FC Bayern Munchen were guilty of 'spoiling' finals though both sides put up some fine displays in earlier rounds. Once they reach the final it seems that too many bosses are afraid of defeat and send their men out to win and to hell with the game and entertainment.

Amongst the worst examples were Ajax in 1971, when they should have slaughtered a very ordinary Panathinaikos but as Dutch journalists told me at Wembley, with Feyenoord having already won the European Cup, they dared not lose as they had in 1969 when they had all the play in the final but lost 1-4 to a counter-attacking AC Milan.

FOUR PAGE SPECIAL
European Cup Post-Mortem

Kenny Dalglish with the European Cup.

Again in 1973, Ajax provided a real festival in their home quarter final against Bayern which they won 4-0, but when it came to the final they took a very early lead through Johnny Rep, and after that Cruyff was content to have one of the quiet games that have punctuated his career. Had the defensive Juventus equalised it might have brought the final to life, but the Italians were unable to do this and the game simply died.

Bayern also provided two flops — in 1975 and 1976. Against Leeds in 1975 Dettmar Cramer was clearly worried by the power of Leeds in the air and did not play to his own strengths, thus providing a very dull final.

Again in 1976, Bayern played so cautiously, with Gerd Muller in midfield most of the time, that most people thought their opponents St. Etienne should have won. Indeed, if the French side had had a really good centre forward they probably would have won, for they had the chances to do so.

But the fact remains that Bayern played so cautiously that we were denied the festival that I believe the European Cup Final should be.

Although UEFA might not agree because they always have one eye on the gate receipts and their share of the take, I believe the time has come when the European Cup Final should be played on a home and away basis. This would ensure that the home team would play attacking football, trying to build up a good lead in the first leg, and trying to overcome the deficit in the second leg.

I say this because looking around Europe I cannot see a great side anywhere. Borussia Monchengladbach remain the best 'football' team in sight, but they are heavily dependent on key players. With Jupp Heynckes clearly unfit in the 1977 final, and Allan Simonsen unable to play against Liverpool in the 1978 semi finals, they did not show themselves at their best as I have seen them.

It is clear that the Germans, like everyone else on the continent, are afraid of the strongest English teams, fearful of their physical commitment, tough tackling and their superior ability in the air.

Though many continental players have improved their heading ability in recent years, PSV Eindhoven in particular, many foreign goalkeepers have kittens simply at the thought of playing against English teams that will keep a constant flow of crosses coming across the face of their goal.

Though I was never convinced by any of the Ajax goalkeepers, for example, their back players were more than averagely good in the air and like all the good sides they could close down on players with the ball in wide positions to limit the number of crosses.

Most of the experts whose opinions I value are of the view that the West Germans provide the best football in Europe. Certainly their coaching is the best, but look at the ease with which Liverpool took Hamburg to the cleaners in the Supercup.

With great players becoming increasingly hard to find I fear the game is in for a period of mediocrity and this will be reflected in the European Cup.

ARTHUR ROTMIL says

eds!

produced worthy champion sides, who should spearhead their onslaught for the coveted prize. Another five teams can be rated as dangerous outsiders.

The leading group includes PSV Eindhoven, the winners of the UEFA-Cup who could be the team to back this time. They have a fine defence with keeper Van Beveren and stopper Van Kraay; up front the Van de Kerkhoff twins, plus that lethal finisher Van der Kuylen. Several of them have played for Holland in the World Cup. Under their capable manager Kees Rijvers, PSV won the League title convincingly. They were in fact unbeaten in the first 31 games; when the title was secured, PSV lost a couple of League matches!

West Germany's new champions 1FC Köln (Cologne) are hungry for success and unlike their predecessors Borussia Mönchengladbach are a much younger team. Their defence is solid, the midfield highly skilful, the trio of Cullmann, Flohe and Neumann complements itself better than any in the *Bundesliga*. In attack their redoubtable striker Dieter Müller, again top scorer in West Germany, provides the fire power.

Italy's record champions Juventus (18 titles) must still be kicking themselves for allowing Bruges to eliminate them in the semi-final in extra time. The Torinese missed chances then, but they will hardly flop again and certainly their defence will not let them down. Eight men from Juventus are first choice for Italy and should have gained experience playing in the World Cup finals.

Europe's most successful club in this competition and six times winners, Real Madrid, are again appearing among the fancied contenders. No longer feared as of old, but their reputation still carries a threat. The team will be strong and efficient, capable of upsetting anybody. Their two mercenaries, defender Wolff (Argentinian) and Stielike (German), plus that courageous striker Santillana, should make their mark.

Russia's Dynamo Kiev may not be the force of two years ago when they won the Cup Winners' Cup, but certainly after surviving the pressures of being chosen "en bloc" for the national side and thus physically over-taxed, the Ukrainians will again be powerful adversaries to be reckoned with, especially at home. Blochin has not forgotten how to score goals.

FINAL WAS NO REDS TO M

WHATEVER happened to the Champions' Cup Final? What happened to the game which was always Europe's eagerly awaited annual showpiece; the contest in which the two best (club) teams matched class, wit, shooting power; the 'match of the year' which could generally be guaranteed to live up to that epithet?

When did the Champions' Cup Final last live up to all the ballyhoo?

It wasn't this year, certainly. Press gallery opinion after the game was that Liverpool's 1-0 win over Club Brugge was possibly the worst Champions' Cup final of them all; a scruffy, disappointing exhibition which had never promised a lot and failed to produce even that.

I know . . . Liverpool's achievement in winning the Cup two years in a row, the first time it's been done by an English team, is worthy of praise in itself.

I know . . . when one team shuts up a game, as Brugge did, you can't expect a classic.

I know . . . that Press commentators from beyond Merseyside are supposed to have an inbuilt bias against Liverpool.

Yes I know all that and it's not my point here to take Liverpool to task or be hypercritical. All I'm saying is that from the point of view of the neutral there was no enjoyment or entertainment to be gained from Europe's biggest club occasion.

The reasons, I suppose, are obvious. Increasing pressures, both in matters of prestige and finance, weigh heavily on the players and managers. The Press build up the game beforehand until everybody is led to expect too much.

Perhaps that's what happened in this case, at Wembley.

Opinion

But there was also no denying that the disappointed neutral opinion was fiercely resented by the Liverpool camp.

Match-winner Kenny Dalglish summed up their attitude afterwards when he said: "The performance doesn't matter. We won the European Cup. That's all that matters now. Everybody seems to be saying how bad Brugge were and taking all the credit away from Liverpool.

"But they can't take away the Cup, or our winners' medals!"

There was an altercation too after the verdicts of the two sides had been analysed.

Ernst Happel, with the responsibilities of Holland weighing on him as well, was perhaps entitled to look gloomy. The Austrian manager of the Belgian champions had gone into the game without Raoul Lambert and Paul Courant and his gamble on Lajos Ku — the Hungarian who had played only one previous game for him — was a failure.

He wouldn't compare this final with previous ones, but he did say that "it was a poor game. I don't want to make excuses, but we were handicapped by injuries. Apart from those who weren't fit to play, Kreiger needed a pain-killing injection before the game for his rib injury, and Maes had a jab at half-time because of his leg injury.

"This restricted our tactics because I couldn't use our substitutes as I would have liked — I had to save them in case of further injury".

Having said that Happel turned a critical eye on Liverpool.

"They disappointed me. I remember them from two years ago, when they beat us in the UEFA Cup Final. But this was a shadow of that Liverpool team."

This comment was not one to go down well with Liverpool. Skipper Emlyn Hughes reacted sharply: "We beat them two years ago and we have now beaten them again. So if we're supposed to be shadows, what does that make them?"

At least in reaching the final Liverpool had answered the few doubters who criticised their victory last year over Borussia Moenchengladbach. Liverpool's emphatic dismissal of the fading West Germans in the semi-finals underlined their achievement in Rome and the Germans offered no excuses. They've had three chances to beat Liverpool in important ties in recent years and each time they've let the opportunity go by. You can make excuses about injuries once, perhaps twice, but not three times.

Recalling the Rome triumph, Hughes said: "This year's final was a far harder game. One of the reasons was that we were in front of our own fans and we were expected to tear Brugge apart and that wasn't on. I'd say they are a good English side. They defended well, got back in defence well and closed down well on us at free kicks.

"The first 20 minutes we didn't get a grip on the game, but when we did get the goal it came at a great time and after that we just had to keep going."

So, was it all Brugge's fault?

Happel, in answer to a question from *World Soccer* colleague Leslie Vernon, about his reluctance to switch to attacking tactics until too late, replied bluntly that "Club Brugge prefer to lose 1-0, rather than 3-0."

Liverpool manager Bob Paisley's laconic comment was that he thought Brugge had come "to play for the penalty contest." He, too, praised their organisation in defence and, above all, goalkeeper Birger Jensen, for a string of fine saves and catches.

Expectations

The fact remains that Liverpool had plenty of chances and just about all of the play yet had great difficulty making it all count. *That* was why so many left Wembley disappointed — because *Liverpool* had failed to make the game live up to their expectations.

As entertainment, this wasn't a patch on the Cup-winners' final the previous week in Paris, between Anderlecht and FK Austria. But then, given the extra pressures at the highest level, I hadn't expected a classic, anyway.

But what Paris had provided was a display of sheer class which Liverpool couldn't match. Anderlecht, admittedly, with Rensenbrink, Coeck and Haan, are now without much doubt the most classical team in Europe; what they lack is the quality Liverpool possess in abundance, sheer winning efficiency.

On their Wembley performance only Graeme Souness of the Liverpool players looked ideally attuned for the big night. But there must have been some Wembley nerves for the Reds. They had failed to win in their three Wembley appearances in the previous 12 months!

But how did this final match up to those of the past 22 years, since the first final, in Paris, in 1956? I've gone through them all, and provided marks out of 10 for entertainment and drama — 10 is the best, 9 exceptional, 8 very good, 7 good, 6 satisfactory, 5 disappointing, 4 poor.

To start at the Parc des Princes:

1956 (Paris). Real Madrid 4 (Di Stefano, Rial 2, Marquitos), *Reims 3* (Leblond, Templin, Hidalgo). Plenty of drama with Reims 2-0 up in 10 minutes and later 3-2 ahead. Madrid equalised with a remarkable solo from stopper Marquitos and a sprint by Gento laid on Rial's winner. *Marks: 8.*

1957 (Madrid). Real Madrid 2 (Di Stefano pen, Gento), *Fiorentina 0.* The Italians had earned their league success the previous year thanks to a watertight defence and it wasn't until late in the second half that Madrid, for all their clever huffing and puffing, could blow them over. *Marks: 6.*

1958 (Brussels). Real Madrid 3 (Di Stefano, Rial, Gento), *Milan 2* (Schiaffino, Grillo). After extra time. Plenty of drama again. This time Milan dominated the first half, but Di Stefano kept them at bay virtually single-handed and Madrid had decisive reserves of energy in extra-time. *Marks: 9.*

1959 (Stuttgart). Real Madrid 2 (Mateos, Di Stefano), *Reims 0.* Comparatively straightforward for Madrid, but plenty in the match. Both sides missed penalties (Mateos for Madrid, and Piantoni) and Madrid had Kopa a limping passenger for the second half against his old club. *Marks: 7.*

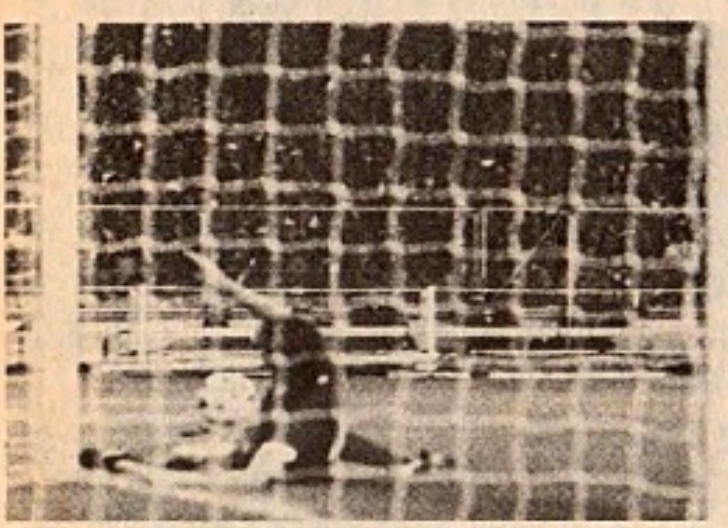
1960 (Glasgow). Real Madrid 7 (Puskas 4, Di Stefano 3), *Eintracht Frankfurt 3* (Kress, Stein 2). The classic climax to Madrid's five-year reign. *Marks: 10.*

1961 (Berne). Benfica 3 (Aguas, Ramallets o.g., Coluna), *Barcelona 2* (Kocsis, Czibor). The first major upset — though later events would prove Benfica worthy winners against ageing Barcelona. Barcelona were 1-0 up, then 3-1 down before staging a dramatic finale. *Marks: 9.*

1962 (Amsterdam). Benfica 5 (Aguas, Cavem, Coluna, Eusebio 2, 1 pen), *Real Madrid 3* (Puskas 3). Another classic — the last so far — between two teams of

CLASSIC . . .

EUROPEAN CUP Post-Mortem by Keir Radnedge



Phil Thompson clears off the Liverpool line with goalkeeper Ray Clemence stranded.

MAKE AMENDS?

remarkable power-shooters and great ability. *Marks: 10.*

1963 (Wembley). Milan 2 (Altafini 2), *Benfica 1* (Eusebio). The first glimpse in a Champions' final of Italian defensive determination, disguised to a large extent by the style of Rivera and Dino Sani in Milan's midfield. *Marks: 7.*

1964 (Vienna). Internazionale 3 (Mazzola 2, Milani), *Real Madrid 1* (Felo). The old masters falling again to the latest new pretenders, whose great talent (Facchetti, Suarez, Corso, Jair, Mazzola) was matched by their cold-blooded defensive discipline. *Marks: 6.*

1965 (Milan). Internazionale 1 (Jair), *Benfica 0.* Torrential rain would have meant a postponement of any league match, but the teams played on in Inter's own home in appalling conditions. *Marks: 5.*

Sixth victory

1966 (Brussels). Real Madrid 2 (Amancio, Serena), *Partizan 1* (Vasovic). Madrid back for their sixth victory, achieved — like their first, third and fifth — after being 1-0 down. But this team didn't compare with the Di Stefano side. *Marks: 6.*

1967 (Lisbon). Celtic 2 (Gemmel, Chalmers), *Internazionale 1* (Mazzola pen). A dramatic and exciting fight by Celtic made this a memorable, if not great, game. *Marks: 8.*

1968 (Wembley). Manchester United 4 (Charlton 2, Best, Kidd), *Benfica 1* (Graca). After extra time. United's special progress in the competition took this match out of the ordinary before it had even begun. A highly-charged emotional night before their own fans. *Marks: 8.*

1969 (Madrid). Milan 4 (Prati 3, Sormani), *Ajax 1* (Vasovic). In the next two years Ajax would grow remarkably quickly in stature. This time they were no match for Milan's class and Prati's marksmanship. *Marks: 6.*

1970 (Milan). Feyenoord 2 (Israel, Kindvall), *Celtic 1* (Gemmel). After extra time. The start of the Dutch era, and a disappointment for Celtic, who froze on the big night. *Marks: 6.*

1971 (Wembley). Ajax 2 (Van Dijk, Kapsis o.g.), *Panathinaikos 0.* Not a lot was expected from two teams comparatively new to the European stage, so no-one was disappointed. *Marks: 6.*

1972 (Rotterdam). Ajax 2 (Cruyff 2), *Internazionale 0.* Inter's spoiling tactics prevented the match reaching any great heights, but even they couldn't shackle the explosive talent of Cruyff. *Marks: 6.*

1973 (Belgrade). Ajax 1 (Rep), *Juventus 0.* A strange game. Ajax totally dominated the first 25 minutes with some of the most outstanding football seen in a European final. After that they lost their concentration and the game died. An unhappy omen for the following year's World Cup Final! *Marks: 7.*

1974 (Brussels). Bayern Munich 4 (Hoeness 2, Muller 2), *Atletico Madrid 0* in replay after 1-1 draw after extra time (Schwarzenbeck; Luis). Two good, always interesting games with Bayern a little fortunate to earn the replay which earned their stars the chance of capturing Europe's top club trophy and the world's most important football prize within weeks of each other. *Marks: 7.*

1975 (Paris). Bayern 2 (Roth, Müller), *Leeds 0.* An occasion memorable for the wrong reasons as Leeds' fans went on the rampage. Injury-hit Bayern worked bravely under pressure and were rewarded with the luck they needed. *Marks: 7.*

1976 (Glasgow). Bayern 1 (Roth), *Saint-Etienne 0.* A carbon-copy of the previous year with the losers doing most of the attacking. This time Bayern had no excuses. *Marks: 5.*

1977 (Rome). Liverpool 3 (McDermott, Smith, Neal pen), *Borussia Mg 1* (Simonsen). Liverpool rarely in danger, but playing a remarkably cool and relaxed game to surprise the Germans. *Marks: 7.*

1978 (Wembley). Liverpool 1 (Dalglish), *Brugge 0. Marks: 4.*

So, at the end of that review, the ratings provide that this last final was the poorest. But there are some interesting factors and comparisons.

It's clear that a team playing at home doesn't get all the advantages. Or rather, it receives negative advantages. The pressure of playing in their opponents' back yard concentrated Fiorentina (1957), Benfica (1965), Internazionale (1972) and finally Brugge this year into a position where they felt they had to concentrate on defence to withstand assaults which, in most cases, failed to live up to their fears.

But, don't get carried away. Only in that first final, when Reims lost to Real Madrid, in Paris, has a team been beaten in a final on home territory.

To be charitable to Liverpool they were on a hiding to nothing. They faced a team intent on defence, in front of fans who expected too much of them, on an occasion whose pressures have become overbearing.

Faced with all that they managed to retain the Champions' Cup, but there was no style in success and their team efficiency alone was worthy of a salute.

The quality of the game remains unaltered; it was poor, the worst Champions' Cup Final of all, and if Liverpool are to go on to the hat-trick I hope for their own sakes and their own reputation that they are able, also, to make amends.

ARTHUR ROTMIL reports from West Germany

FC Cologne triumph — in style!

FOR the first time in the 15-year-old history of the West German Bundesliga the title was won on goal difference. And this most exciting and nail biting race was decided on the last day when only three goals separated the new champions 1.FC Köln (Cologne) from the deposed holders Borussia Mönchengladbach.

The last results — Cologne's 5-0 win at relegated St. Pauli, but especially the 12-0 by Borussia Mönchengladbach over Borussia Dortmund — were greeted with disbelief and in some quarters with suspicion. Those people who see every unusual match result as "crooked" quickly jumped to the conclusion that there was something fishy about Gladbach's easy win.

But it is worth recalling that in the *Bundesliga* Borussia have before beaten Schalke by 11-0, eleven years ago and there have also been scores of 11-1 and 10-0. On the other hand the German Football Federation, in order to forestall any rumours of bribery, began an inquiry to find out why Dortmund's players were so passive.

It transpired that there was trouble behind the scenes well before the last match. Manager Otto Rehhagel clashed with goalkeeper Peter Endrulat, then on the eve of the Gladbach game, came the shock announcement that the club had engaged goalkeeper Volkmar Gross from Schalke for next season. As it turned out, the transfer talk was premature, but Endrulat was so unnerved that he had a poor match, but so had the rest of the team.

Coach Rehhagel was sacked on the spot — the management claimed a loss of £250,000 from this "disreputable" result. Instead of 8,500 season tickets, the club had so far sold 1,000. The former international forward and World Cup star Sigi Held was appointed temporary manager at Dortmund. The board also announced that they would fine the players up to the permitted £500 each for "unsporting and passive behaviour" during the match.

Victorious

Meanwhile Cologne stormed to their third title (prev. in 1962 & 1964) and also became the third club in Germany to capture the coveted "double". Before then only Schalke (1937) and Bayern Munich (1969) achieved this distinction. But it wasn't easy. In mid-January Cologne had a lead of six points over Gladbach. The champions began pulling back the deficit and when Cologne lost at home to Eintracht Frankfurt (0-1) on April 1, they were caught on points. In the end only goals separated them!

An estimated 70,000 fans turned out to greet the victorious Cologne team after it clinched the title. Even such a well travelled man like their manager Hennes Weisweiler admitted: "What I've seen here was unreal, it was quite unbelievable".

The whole city seemed to take part in celebrations and the names the crowd chanted most often were those of goalkeeper Schumacher, captain Flohe and Weisweiler. He indeed has done wonders for his former club now celebrating 30 years of existence. Cologne were the first *Bundesliga* champions (1964), but had to wait thirteen years to repeat this success. But when the Müngersdorfer stadium was built, the club was able to catch up financially on their rivals and start a new era.

Now the team won three trophies in twelve months — twice the DFB-Cup and the League. There is no doubt that Weisweiler, the former "champion maker" at Borussia Möchengladbach, has given the team stability. The defensive block of 'keeper Schumacher, Konopka, Gerber, Strack and Zimmermann has an average age of 23½. Nonetheless most are full, or B-internationals.

The midfield trio of Cullmann, Flohe, Neumann is rated the best in Germany and have put the shadow of the great Overath firmly behind them. If there are problems, then they exist up front. Okudera, the first Japanese to win a German championship medal, has improved, Dieter Müller is always good for a goal or two, but he needs to become more consistent — something which also must be said of the Belgian striker Van Gool. There are, however, talented youngsters like Willmer and Prestin in reserve.

Weisweiler says: "We can rely on an above-average defence with a first class 'keeper and we have a midfield which can do everything — cover, organise, make and score goals. After all, Cullmann, Flohe and Neumann have scored between them 29 goals in the League."

Weisweiler's strength is his ability to recognise a player's potential and to stick with him. Schumacher, Konopka and Strack would have left the club, disappointed over the constant criticism, yet under Weisweiler they stayed on to become excellent players. Even Cullmann, who clashed with Weisweiler, nearly departed for Dortmund. Now he even made the World Cup squad in Argentina!

The whole Cologne squad is now behind Weisweiler who encourages each player individually and preaches attacking football. Cologne led the table 23 times this season and proved their consistency. It is true that Cologne are not popular champions, not like Gladbach, or even Bayern were before them. "Lucky Cologne", is the cry often heard in Germany. But in the European Cup the whole country will be behind them and thus perhaps they will improve their image, at home.

But sympathy goes out to Borussia Mönchengladbach who tried so hard to win their fourth title in a row. Borussia were unbeaten since January 9, collecting since then 25 points from 14 matches with a goal tally of 43-10, but it wasn't enough. Borussia will present a changed line-up next season: Wimmer and Wittkamp are retiring from professional football, others are getting old, but younger players are knocking on the door and there may be one or two exciting new signings.

Their old rivals Bayern Munich ended the season with the doubtful distinction of being the only team without an away win! In fact Bayern have not won outside Munich since November 27, 1976! And the only club unbeaten at home were Hertha Berlin, strangely enough the only *1.Bundesliga* club threatened with having their licence revoked because of excessive debts.

These are given as £440,000 — I wonder what the DFB would do to Chelsea who are £3½ million in the red!

Records

It has been a season of records, apart from that 12-0 score line, the count of 8,043,000 spectators for the first time. The most popular side were promoted VfB Stuttgart whose 17 home games were watched by 918,005 fans — and average of 54,000 per match!

The Stuttgart team finished fourth (best ever placing) and qualified for the UEFA-Cup. With 30 points VfB (it stands for 'Verein für Ballspiele', hence the "f" is written small), also had the best home total of all and if they could only improve their away performances this could be the champion team of the future.

Their players, whose earnings are related to the crowd figures, cashed in handsomely: £22,000 in percentage of gate receipts: £7,500 for avoiding relegation (!); £2,500 for qualifying for the UEFA-Cup and £5,400 points bonus! Stuttgart player taking part in all matches last season has therefore cleaned up a total of £37,400, not counting his monthly salary . . .

The club has naturally also made a packet. The debt of nearly £400,000 was completely wiped out and now they are building a new club centre at a cost of £750,000. The controversial 83 per cent increase in price of season tickets has not had a telling effect, for VfB sold 6,500 "seasons". Nonetheless, Stuttgart will not buy new players for fear of breaking up the successful team.

The example of what has happened at Hamburg is acting as a strong deterrent in German football right now. There the flamboyant Dr. Krohn through his untimely acquisition of Keegan and Buljan has upset the team just victorious in the Cup Winners Cup.

Keegan incidentally will remain at Hamburg, having established a good relationship with general manager Günter Netzer.

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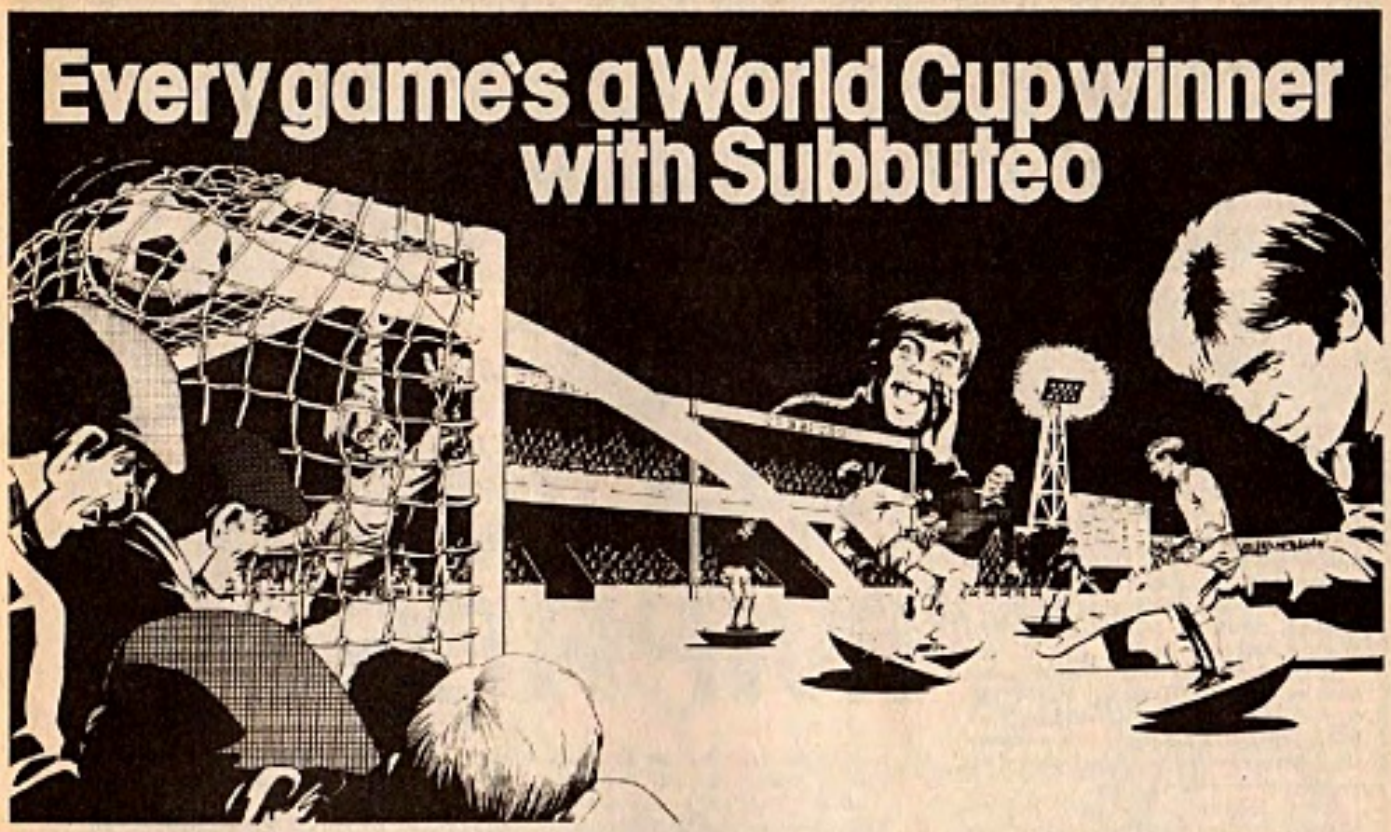

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ERIC BATTY on the Home International Championship

ENGLAND'S TITLE BUT IRELAND IMPRESS

ONE of the nice things about the 1978 British championship was the fact that all the games were played out with barely a flutter of bad temper or crude tackles, and that 'hatchet men' were conspicuous by their absence.

To take Northern Ireland first, they were hard hit by the withdrawal through injury of the Arsenal defenders Pat Jennings, Pat Rice and Sammy Nelson, who would have appeared a month before the contest to be the corner stones of their team.

The Irish are accustomed to fielding players who are only reserves with Division One clubs, and men from the lower Divisions, but this year, on paper at least, they fielded their weakest ever team.

Yet, under the influence of Danny Blanchflower, they acquitted themselves very well indeed in their opening game against Scotland at Hampden Park, the no-hopers really rose to the occasion. Scotland were expected to win by a handsome score, but the Irish gave at least as good as they got and produced some neat passing movements at times that must have pleased their boss.

Ireland not only scored first, but had other chances as well, while the Scots struggled to create clear cut openings, and got very few chances to score. Martin O'Neill put the Irish ahead after 26 minutes following a neat move that involved half the Irish side.

To go ahead is the tonic that underdogs need to boost their morale, and in this respect Ireland never flagged. They tried to play good football to the end, and even managed to contain the aerial threat of big Joe Jordan in defence.

Derek Johnstone of Glasgow Rangers looked to be a bigger threat in the air than Jordan, and it was he who equalised for Scotland after 36 minutes, during which they had struggled for most of the time to find their rhythm.

Scottish fans had little to cheer about, while the Irishmen who were seldom in trouble, obviously obtained a big boost to their confidence by drawing 1-1 away to the Scots.

Stamina

Perhaps their exertions at Hampden affected the Irishmen for though they still put up a fine show of determination, and moved neatly at times, meeting England three days later seemed to be too much for their stamina. This became clearer as the week progressed for after losing by a single goal at Wembley, they finally went down 1-0 to Wales and ended up bottom of the table with just one point.

One wonders why the pitches for the Wales-England game at Cardiff and the Wales-Northern Ireland match at Wrexham were not well watered, for the hard surfaces, almost bare of grass after a long season contrasted sharply with the surfaces at Wembley and Hampden that are little used. Ample water on the hard pitches would surely have improved the quality of both games.

The Wales-Ireland game suffered most in this respect, for even Carl Harris who had looked so dangerous for Wales against England, failed to control the ball at Wrexham.

Both sides looked jaded at Wrexham but were not helped by the terrible surface, and the Irishmen never produced the confident passing moves that had highlighted their draw against Scotland.

Even so, Northern Ireland might have managed a draw but for an unnecessary foul by Jimmy Nicholl who clearly had both hands up on the shoulders of Nick Deacy when he tried to jump for a high ball that was not dangerous, and Wales were rightly awarded a penalty. Deacy converted it to give Wales a 1-0 win, but I have the feeling that Blanchflower's men will do well next season in internationals when they are expected to play just one game in midweek. Certainly, Ireland did not deserve to finish bottom.

Wales gave England a harder time than England's 3-1 winning scoreline suggests, but as a spectacle, the game was marred by the hard dusty Cardiff pitch that combined with a strongish wind, made it rather difficult to play.

In fact, it is just possible that Trevor Cherry might not have been so seriously injured had he fallen the way he did on the lush turf at Wembley.

Although Wales never gave less than 100% I felt they were nothing like as good as they were not long ago with Leighton James providing real skill in attack and John Toshack a big danger in front of goal.

Welsh right winger Carl Harris gave England a hard time in this game, probably because Mick Mills can barely

Gordon McQueen is injured playing for Scotland against Wales — an injury which kept McQueen out of Scotland's team in Argentina.

Kevin Keegan missed England's three wins in the Home International Championship but is seen here in action against Hungary, beaten 4-1 by England at Wembley.

use his left foot, and had to switch to left back after the injury to Cherry.

But without Trevor Brooking, and with Ray Wilkins switched early on to right back, England seldom moved smoothly, and were tested by the will to win of the Welshmen.

For Wales, none did better than little Brian Flynn, who is hard working, skilful and intelligent, but the hero of the masses was probably Phil Dwyer. England took an early lead when Bob Latchford took a neat near post header from a Peter Barnes cross that was firmly headed past Dai Davies, but Wales never gave in and tested the re-organised England to the full.

Dwyer it was who converted a cross from Harris in the second half, heading another good goal, and the Welshmen matched England, more through individual endeavour than skill in a rather poor game.

Flourish

Wales were possibly worth the draw they looked like getting until the last five minutes. Then a two goal flourish gave England victory.

With four minutes left substitute Tony Currie produced a Bobby Charlton type goal, whipping in a left foot drive from around 25 to 30 yards, and with the last seconds ticking away, a little touch of skill from Peter Barnes gave him his first goal for England.

Wales continued to display their enthusiasm against a much changed Scotland team, emphasising that when a Welshman or an Irishman pulls on his country's jersey he appears to grow in stature and confidence, that does not apply to Englishmen and Scotsmen.

Scotland scored a fine goal, made by Archie Gemmill who got my vote for English Footballer of the year — running sweetly onto a pass from Kenny Dalglish and looking up, curled in a ball with the outside of his left foot to place it perfectly for Johnstone to score with a flying header.

Alan Curtis had chances for Wales against both England and Scotland but each time he was slow to shoot and with Harris better held than against England it was left to Dwyer to present the biggest threat to Scotland as Wales stayed in the game, pressing forward eagerly from time to time.

Flynn probably should have scored when he broke through from the left, and had the misfortune to see his well hit late penalty rebound off the goalkeeper's right hand post.

Then in the last seconds, Wales got a very strange equaliser. The Scottish defenders were clearly wasting time back passing to their goalkeeper, as is so common nowadays. The thought just entered my mind that some kind of punishment for this should be instituted when suddenly justice was done. The keeper threw the ball out to Willie Donachie and with the keeper well off his line, a sloppy back pass from Donachie found its way into the net.

If Wales had nothing to do with it, it served Scotland right.

So the stage was set for the 'final'. Scotland with two points at home to England with four, and the Scots eager to repeat their Wembley win of last season and underline the fact that they were the only representatives of British football to play in the World Cup.

Experimented

Had I been Ally McLeod, I would have done what most World Cup bosses would have done, and experimented against Northern Ireland and Wales, then turned out my team for the first game in Argentina against England, a final trial for the big event.

As it happened, injuries ruled out Gordon McQueen and Martin Buchan who are Scotland's best two centre backs. But if I have a doubt about Mr. McLeod's assessment of Buchan, it seems that while I would have included Gemmill in midfield, I feared that the Scottish boss preferred the tougher trio of Rioch, Masson and Hartford. So it turned out.

Most people seemed to think that England fielded a 4-2-4 formation, but in my opinion Trevor Francis was asked to drop back into midfield and play an attacking game from there. Francis couldn't adapt his game, and as a direct result, Scotland's midfield three proved superior to Wilkins and Currie and enabled them to dominate the first half, though Rioch and Masson failed to produce the skills that Scotland expected from them.

● Continued on page 49

Drama in Italy and Spain

by Keir Radnedge

THERE was drama — and an interesting comparison — in way both Italian and Spanish leagues went the full distance this season.

For in both countries it wasn't until the last games that hard-fought relegation battles were decided.

The difference though was in the way — when several teams finished level on points — it was decided who stays up and who goes down. In Italy it was goal difference which saved Fiorentina and condemned Genoa and Foggia, who also finished with 25 points, but both of whom went down along with Pescara (17).

Bologna won their last game 1-0 at Lazio to finish on 26.

In Spain, however, if goal difference had been used it would have meant Espanol (30 pts) for the drop along with Cadiz (22) and Elche (27). Instead, clubs level on points are divided by results in the season's games between those clubs.

Whoever took most points or had the better goal difference in this imaginary *Nguilla* finished higher.

In this case Espanol had a goal difference of −12, Hercules −8, and last season's Cup-winners Betis −1. Yet after their own results had been calculated it was Betis who came off worst and slipped into the second division.

Coach Rafa Iriondo resigned and went into hiding. And in Italy Roberto Pruzzo must have felt like doing the same. Pruzzo is the young, lively centre forward and captain of Genoa. He missed a penalty in the penultimate game, at home against Internazionale, and it finished 1-1. That lost point cost Genoa — up with the leaders early in the season — their place in *Serie A*.

Ironic that it should be Eugenio Berseillini's Inter who helped send them down. Last season it was Genoa, under Luigi Simoni, who condemned neighbours Sampdoria to the drop. Samp's boss then was . . . Bersellini!

Top scorer for the season in Italy was Lanerossi Vicenza's Paolo Rossi (24), while Mario Kempes retained the Trofeo Pichichi in Spain, this time with 28 goals. Real Madrid's Santillana came next with 24.

WHAT — ANOTHER ONE?

LAST autumn in *World Soccer* I put together a guide to the summer club competitions in Europe.

Now, in addition to the pools-backed Inter-toto, as well as the Cup of the Alps and the Friendship Cup, we can add yet another contest — the Summer Cup.

This was set up, with the aid of Karl Rappan — joint creator of the Inter-toto — to provide match income for clubs bereft of games because of the telescoping of the domestic season to help their national teams' World Cup preparations.

Most notable entrants are Bayern Munich and Saint-Etienne, both in group two. their game in Munich was among the early matches played, and Bayern won handsomely 6-2, with four goals from Gerd Müller.

Groups:—

1 — Nice, Genoa, Ujpest, 1st Vienna. 2 — MTK, Bayern, Saint-Etienne, Roma. 3 — Nimes, Perugia, 1860 München, Waregem. 4 — Nantes, Lazio, Beerschot, Sparta Rotterdam. 5 — Strasbourg, Saarbrücken, Lierse, Volendam. 6 — Bordeaux, MSV Duisburg, Anvers, NEC Nijmegen. 7 — Laval, Videoton, Lokeren, Utrecht. 8 — Troyes, Verona, RWD Molenbeek, Arnhem. 9 — Marseille, Honved, Den Haag, Eintracht Braunschweig. 10 — Lyon, Foggia, Venlo, Vasas Ferencvaros. 11 — Lens, Beveren, Roda, Werder Bremen. 12 — Metz, Liege, Bochum, Ayalanta.

SPAIN, TOO!

WHILE on the subject of summer tournaments anyone in Northern Spain in August might fancy adding a little soccer to the sea and sunshine in La Coruna, where the annual Trofeo Teresa Herrera takes place on August 11, 12 and 13.

Contestants this time in the most prestigious of Spain's summer tournaments are the local second division team (best-known for discovering Luis Suarez and Amancio), Spanish champions Real Madrid and the Rio giants Flamengo and Fluminense.

Madrid and Coruna open the fiesta on the 11th, with the Brazilians in the other semi-final the next evening. The third place match and final take place in a 4½-hour double-header on Sunday 13.

PRESS GANG

IT'S one of the paradoxes of the profession that though sports journalists like to regale all and sundry with grumbles about some of the conditions they work in, no-one else ever takes much notice.

Still, I hope some note might be taken in appropriate quarters of the critical reaction of colleagues from Belgium, France, Spain and Italy — to name but a few — to the Press set-up for the Champions' Cup Final at Wembley.

One colleague was shocked to discover in the Press Centre that if he wanted a drink he had to go outside to the public bar and queue up and pay with the fans. The same fellow was more disenchanted later to discover later that, having downed his drink, the Centre was lacking also in other conveniences!

Full marks to the FA for the Press information documents they provided; but it would have been helpful if they had provided a match programme as well.

REMEMBER SANTOS?

DO you remember Santos? Since the departure of Pele the world club champions of 1962 and 1963 have vanished from the international scene across which they were once such tireless travellers.

But I understand that two of the players of that great era are still in partnership. They're the midfield duo of days gone by, Zito and Mengalvio.

Zito is general manager now, while Mengalvio has just been promoted to team manager after the departure of the Argentine, Jose Ramos Delgado.

WORLD CUP LIBRARY

THE World Cup always provides an opportunity for publishers to make sure the soccer shelves in the book shops are filled, and this year has been no exception — though the only specific World Cup production to fall my way has been *World Cup '78* by *World Soccer* contributor Philip Evans (Knight, 75p).

His armchair guide geared for the television audience appeared in two editions, the second — produced clearly in a hurry — to include the draw.

It might have benefited from inclusion of *all* results of previous finals tournaments, but it was certainly far more relevant than the misleadingly-entitled *World Cup '78: The Game of the Century*, produced as a spin-off from a British television series.

I couldn't watch any of the programmes and if the book is anything to go by I'm tempted to say that perhaps I didn't miss much.

I Found the standard of writing remarkably low even in a book market not famed for its consistently high literary attainment. Surely we could have been spared some of those cloying adjectives scattered liberally around every time that magic world 'Wembley' appeared?

Surely too one of the authors — Bob Wilson, Derek Conrad and Robert Sidaway — could have caught that glaring mistake referring to Hungary's famous 1954 World Cup defeat as 4-2, not 3-2? Everyone's human and everyone makes mistakes, but that was a bit too obvious!

But the book scene isn't all disappointment.

Brian Glanville's *Puffin Book of Footballers* is an excellent 70p and of the army of general comprehensive history books flooding the market I found by far the best a volume by another writer known to *World Soccer* readers, Roger Macdonald. His *Soccer: A Pictorial History* will cost you though — £4.95 (Collins).

GREIG TAKES OVER

Jock Wallace, pictured during his reign as manager of Glasgow Rangers. Wallace has now joined Leicester City in England with John Greig taking over as manager at Ibrox Park.

DISLIKING John Greig is not an easy achievement simply because he makes it so damned hard! He is easy to talk to, has a refreshing manner, believes 100 per cent in soccer and its followers and is an exceptionally genuine person. He was once asked who he would like to be if he wasn't John Greig. He replied, quick as a flash: "Mrs John Greig because then I would know what it is like to be married to such a great guy!"

He has a sense of humour and I hope he retains that vital commodity as a football manager. He was always tipped as a Rangers boss of the future. When Jock Wallace quit Greig's name was the first on everyone's lips.

Greig is steeped in the Rangers tradition. It's difficult to envisage him without Rangers or Rangers without him. Ibrox wouldn't be the same without John Greig. He has been good for the club . . . and the club has been good for him.

It's a marriage that has worked well and the honeymoon has lasted quite a while. He made his debut as a nervous teenager against Airdrie in 1962 and got off to the perfect start with a victory. And, showing signs of things to come, he also scored a goal to round off a perfect 90 minutes. It started well and has gone uphill ever since.

Domestic soccer

An avalanche of honours has come his way. Forty-four international caps, two Player of the Year awards and every medal domestic soccer had to offer several times over. And don't forget his significant contribution to the team when they won the European Cup Winners' Cup in 1972 against Moscow Dynamo.

I once asked Greig what was his biggest disappointment in soccer. His answer was typical: "I haven't had it yet . . . it will be the day I retire from playing."

Actually, I doubt if that could now be called a disappointment when you consider that the decision coincided with him being made Rangers manager! No-one deserved the job more than John Greig and he also deserved every single congratulations telegram that came his way from the many well-wishers.

"It was a wonderful feeling when the announcement was made", says Greig. "It sounds corny, but I could hardly believe it. Honestly, John Greig, manager of Rangers! I had always hoped that some day it might come true, but I was never promised anything. And rightly so.

"I thought it was a great honour being made skipper of the club. That filled me with pride, but to become manager is something else altogether, isn't it? Fantastic!

"Rangers mean everything to me. When I was a youngster I was a Hearts fanatic. I live in Edinburgh and Tynecastle was the ground where you would find yours truly whenever I could manage along to a game.

"I remember one game when cash was short. I couldn't afford to get in and I was a bit big to ask for a 'lift' over the turnstiles, so I got in by selling flags inside the ground. It was a great day. Hearts won, too!

"I played for the Junior club Edina Hearts and always hoped that some day I would wear the maroon of the Tynecastle side. But it was never to be and I am the last to complain. Don't take that the wrong way. I still have a lot of affection for Hearts and a lot of mates in Edinburgh are Tynecastle regulars, but I wouldn't change my Ibrox career for anything.

Bit overawed

"When Rangers signed me I was a bit overawed by all the big name players around me. It was a new world and it is just marvellous to think I played my part in their more recent history as a player and hope to play another part as a manager.

"I have never hidden my ambition to become a manager. I can't think what I would be like without football. I just don't know what I would do with my time. I would drive the wife crazy, hanging around the house all the time.

"I have no businesses outside soccer to divert my attention from the task on hand. I had a sports outfitters in Edinburgh, but I sold that last year. I was preparing even then for the time I would call it a day as a player.

"I didn't realise I would be a boss so soon. And manager of Rangers, too. It's still a bit difficult to take it all in."

Greig got out at the top which is so fitting. It wouldn't have been right somehow for a man who has become a Rangers legend in his own time to slip out of top class soccer. And Greig did it in style, too.

He led the club to the Premier League title, the Scottish Cup and the League Cup. The only disappointment last season was the club's dismissal from the UEFA Cup at an early stage by Holland's Twente Enschede. When the Ibrox club were struggling in Holland after drawing the first leg 0-0, Greig was at home getting treatment for a leg injury.

I kept him in touch with events in Holland and obviously did not like breaking the news. When I told him it was 1-0 for the Dutch, he didn't despair. He said: "Oh, well that makes the task a bit harder, doesn't it?"

When the second goal went in he still didn't give up all hope. "There's still the second-half. Anything can happen in football, you never know."

Finally when I gave him the news that it was 3-0 at the end of the match that was the only time he accepted that Rangers were not going to win, after all. It was so typical of Greig not to take anything for granted until the very last kick of the ball. He is a fighter, a battler a man everyone would like in their corner when the going gets tough.

Rangers have benefited through the years with that dedication and application ON the pitch. Now they will also benefit OFF the pitch.

Greig has given us many moments to treasure in a glittering career. He admits he was never the greatest player in the world, but I don't think he ever got the credit he quite deserved when his talent was being discussed.

-ALEX GORDON

COLIN JOSE from North America

Great start for Francis

JUST five days after arriving in the United States England international Trevor Francis got his North American Soccer League career off to a great start by scoring the winning goal for his club the Detroit Express against the Memphis Rogues. Francis' goal broke a 2-2 tie at 6:58 of sudden death overtime with his shot going in off a post.

Earlier Mickey Leach and Steve David had given Detroit a 2-0 lead and they looked to have the game all wrapped up until Romnn Rosul scored twice for the Rogues in the last six minutes.

The win, however, was not enough to put Detroit back into first place in the Central Division of the American Conference, a position they had held all season until earlier in the week when they had been defeated by the Chicago Sting. For the Sting, that win was a milestone, being their first in eleven games this season.

While Detroit was losing to Chicago, Houston moved into first place and held on by defeating the California Surf 3-0 as Detroit edged Memphis. The Houston Hurricane currently lead the Express by two points which in a league that awards six points for a win and a point for every goal scored up to three means nothing particularly at this point in the season.

Still while Francis was stealing the headlines momentarily the big story in the NASL remains the New York Cosmos. Against the Seattle Sounders on May 21 in a repeat of last year's Soccer Bowl they attracted 71,219 to see them win 5-1 with Giorgio Chinaglia scoring three times, and one week later beat the Rochester Lancers by the same score to equal the league record for consecutive victories with 17.

New York top the National Conference Eastern Division having won 9 games and lost two, with their two defeats coming against the surprising Portland Timbers out on the west coast and a real upset, a 1-0 loss to the Memphis Rogues in Memphis. In recent weeks they have added Italian international defender Giuseppe Wilson to their already powerful line up and even at this early stage in the season it is difficult to see anyone stopping them from staying as league champions.

That crowd of 71,219 was the highest in the league so far this season and boosted the Cosmos average over five games to 50,465. But unfortunately that attendance only served to point out the tremendous disparity in attendances between New York and most of the rest of the league, for only three other clubs — Minnesota, Seattle and Tampa Bay — have topped that figure in "total" attendances with Portland drawing just 61,838 for seven home games.

Chicago's disastrous start to the season has their average down to 3,478 and only 1,538 showed up for their game against the New England Ten Men who also had only 1,837 for the return visit of the Sting, but if New England are not doing well at the gate then it is a different story on the field as Noel Cantwell has his team at the top of the American Conference, Eastern Division.

It is a very close race in this division with New England currently leading Fort Lauderdale by six points while the Strikers are just three points in front of Tampa Bay. The Philadelphia Fury are only 14 points off the pace.

Two big factors for New England so far have been the play of Peter Simpson in defence and the goalscoring of Mike Flanaghan who has 10 goals in eight games, while Tampa Bay who are having their poorest season to date have just signed Brazilian international Mirandinha from Sao Paulo in hopes of boosting their sagging fortunes both on their field and at the gate where their last home game drew only 9,603 in comparison to the 41,888 just 17 days earlier for the visit of New York.

Currently most league races are close with Washington battling it out with the Cosmos in the National Conference, Eastern Division but beginning to slip behind a little as the season progresses, while in the Central Division the powerful Minnesota Kicks with Charlie George in their line up have surged to the top.

Portland, coming off a poor season last year, have made a great start this year under new coach Don Megson and lead the Western Division over Vancouver who are just two points behind. Seattle and Los Angeles are slipping farther and farther behind here with the Aztecs and George Best having their differences. Best was recently suspended by the club for failing to report for training and since he has been reinstated has been been sent off twice.

Vancouver playing under Tony Walters have been getting great performances from Kevin Hector who has eight goals in 12 games so far and from Canadian international Bobby Lenarduzzi normally a defender but now playing in midfield alongside Jon Sammels and Steve Kember.

The situation in the Western Division of the American Conference is constantly changing with San Diego now in front of the California Surf with the Oakland Stompers and the San Jose Earthquakes slowly slipping behind.

Trevor Francis (white shirt) in action for England against Joey Jones (left) and Mick Thomas of Wales.

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LESLIE VERNON *provides a personal view of the World Cup*

GOOD BUT NOT GREAT

WITH twenty eight games played and ten to go, I'd like to borrow a cliché from the wine-tasters' dictionary and say that this is a very good World Cup but not a great one. The standard of football is high enough for the connoisseurs, but tactics often stifle invention, and several matches have 'died' mid-way through when the contestants have realized that expediency was a safer course to follow than wild adventure.

Yet, the number of tremendous goals scored from outside the penalty box testify that we are privileged to watch the very best footballers in the world, even if paradoxically the same fellows miss some easy chances from much closer range. I am also impressed with the high level of goalkeeping — the much maligned Sepp Maier, Zoff, Hellstroem, Leao, Miguel Angel and several others are proving once again that the "all foreign goalkeepers are mugs" theory, which is constantly propagated by our popular Press, is absolute nonsense.

Ron Greenwood, to my knowledge the only person so far who has had the courage to acknowledge that what we are seeing in Argentina is far, far better than what the English domestic game is able to provide, said: "First, all the successful teams are positive, they go forward and create problems for the opposition across the width of the pitch.

"Secondly, we are witnessing the value of running with the ball at the right moment, approaching the penalty area. Players such as Kempes (Argentina), Munante (Peru), Lato (Poland), Dieter Muller (W. Germany), are causing the danger."

The only sad news is that the "baddies" are winning.

Scotland goalkeeper Alan Rough, who played in all three of his country's matches in the World Cup finals.

Argentina, ably assisted by the referees, Italy, who were allowed to play in the Group they chose for themselves, W. Germany, whose influential representative manipulated the original draw in January. But, of course, these countries also have good players, which helps. . . .

Hungary committed football suicide in seven mad minutes (might as well get over this painful subject as quickly as possible). They were holding the hosts in front of their own fanatical crowd to a 1-1 draw, when a peculiar goal was scored. It looked like a foul on goalkeeper Gujdar, and some of the Hungarian players thought that Bertoni, the scorer, was off-side. Of course, the Portuguese referee, Garrido, couldn't see anything wrong with the goal.

Neither did he spot an Argentinian elbow earlier which nearly throttled full-back Torok, or the clear penalty incident when Torocsik was tripped inside the box. A kick in Pinter's chest went unpunished, while both Nyilasi and Torocsik were cautioned for trifling offences.

All these frustrating events proved too much for these two young players, and in their moments of madness, they not only deliberately sent themselves off, but also ruined Hungary's chances in the two remaining games. There will be time to analyse the entire affair later, suffice to say that Baroti's team did not deserve to progress any further — no matter what the circumstances were.

Penalty decision

But France did deserve to prosper, and they would have done so, but for that ridiculous penalty decision given against Tresor for falling down. Even Jack Taylor admitted that 'the referee made a mistake, although his overall control was good'. Meaning possibly that his shorts didn't fall off during the match, and he didn't try to blow the wrong end of his whistle.

Lawrie McMenemy, a man miraculously alive under that awesome B.B.C. scoreboard, answered Taylor: "You mean he is like a really good driver, who occasionally hits people!"

The British Press, bending over backwards to "be nice" to the Argentinians, brushed over the injustices with the notable exception of Brian Glanville and Jeff Powell, who wrote in the Daily Mail: "In reality they, Nyilasi and Torocsik, and most of their team mates in the last four minutes were expressing disgust at the way Argentina were allowed to steamroller their way to victory with goals by Luque and Bertoni. Portuguese referee Antonio Garrido had done his best to impose fair control. But with the River Plate stadium exploding into a bedlam of celebration, he let Argentina's goal stand. Dr. Artemio Franchi, the Italian vice-president of FIFA who is in charge of the referees committee here, had warned it might be impossible either to play against Argentina or control their matches."

Brian Clough (left) and Peter Taylor with the Football League Championship. Both Clough and Taylor have been members of the ITV "Panel of experts" during the World Cup finals.

Scotland manager Ally Macleod, with a good luck message before the World Cup. Macleod has been under fire as a result of Scotland's poor display in Argentina.

The T.V. panel game is played with varying skills by people who haven't actually got a full grasp of international football (Kevin Keegan is the one shining exception) but do understand the game on their own parochial level. "Having said that" is this year's 'in-phrase', giving an opportunity to the speaker to express at least two alternative opinions or forecasts on any topic with a better than even money chance to be eventually proved right.

However, Peter Taylor's view of the Brazilians defied understanding. I thought that their football was delightful against Peru, their ball-control brilliant, and Dirceu's free-kick quite sensational. Peter, 'on the other hand', (the "Fiddler on the Roof" version of "having said that") found them lacking in commitment (whatever that may mean), pedestrian, and without a hope.

I counted 14 consecutive accurate one-touch passes by the Brazilians during that match, and one must ask, what chance has our game if people in charge cannot see, or appreciate, the gap between them and us. I feel that the Brazilian masseur probably has more sheer skill than the majority of the Nottingham Forest players, but the Assistant Manager of England's Champions wouldn't dream of acknowledging this and acting on it.

Bend the ball

Why can't our players bend the ball, control it instantly, hit the target regularly from 30 yards, run intelligently into "space", change their feet before shooting to widen the angle?

And if someone wishes to argue with this blanket condemnation, he should look at Scotland's campaign, which of course was a disaster from start to finish. Kenny Burns confessed that he had no idea what to do when he faced the Peruvians, who presented him with a different set of problems than what he is used to in Britain.

The main responsibility for that shortcoming lies with the manager, Ally MacLeod, who couldn't have been more inept and incompetent. To start with, he bragged about Scotland's chances to such a ludicrous extent, that eventually, millions began to believe that the Masson-Rioch-Hartford trio was the best in Europe, and that Alan Rough was a world-class goalkeeper.

Then this novice of a manager — at international level — didn't bother to watch any one of Scotland's opponents! I repeat, before the World Cup started, Ally MacLeod didn't see Peru, Iran or Holland play one single match. Yours truly wrote umpteen repetitious articles about these teams in various publications, but 'Ally Baba" didn't know that Peru have two fast wingers, that Cubillas is still playing, etc., etc.

After the first grievous setback, he blamed his players, after the second, he blamed the Press, after the third face-saving hollow victory, he gave the worst T.V. interview in the history of Association Football.

He said: "Pity that the World Cup isn't starting now, because we could win the thing. We got together before the match and said: "Stuff the lot of them, Press, radio, T.V. What does it matter what they think of us." Instead of winning 'the thing', Scotland had to pack their bags — it is not enough to run a fast last lap in a 10,000 metres race, you've got to keep-up with the leaders! And was it a journalist who missed a penalty against Peru, or was it Don Masson, a vital member of Europe's best midfield line? Was it a T.V. reporter who was found guilty of taking a drug/stimulant/dope, or was it Willie Johnston, "the greatest winger in world football"?

Terrible people

And finally, who were those terrible people who wrote those awful lies about the Scots? I give you the names of the two well-known "journalists" who did just that — Don Masson and Lou Macari! The T.V. commentators are doing a very good job considering the immense difficulties. At first, the Argentinians managed to get everything wrong, and whenever a goalscorer's name was flashed on the screen, it was only helpful in that it narrowed down the field of finding the real 'culprit' to 21:

A middle-aged gent sitting peacefully on the bench was constantly introduced to the world at large as "Ernst Happel", Lajos Barcti went through an amazing rejuvenation course and looked remarkably like the Hungarian team doctor, Zoltan Botar, the Spanish and the Austrian "benches" were consistently misidentified . . . teething troubles, my friend, teething troubles. Wait until they are given the job of organising another World Cup!

Clive Thomas distinguished himself by the silliest refereeing decision of the tournament, when he blew for time a split second before Brazil 'scored' their winning goal against Sweden. No one can measure 45 minutes play that accurately, what with stoppages and time-wasting, so normally an experienced referee would have either stopped the game before the preceding corner was taken, or waited until the ball went into the net or came out of the penalty box.

And now here is a late news flash from the *Sunday Express*, dated June 4: "Europe's top-scorer Johan Krankl shot Austria to the top of Group 3 with a 76th minute goal. Austria in the Finals for the first time in 24 years . . . ." Is this Johan related to Hans Krankl? Was 1958 really as long ago as 24 years? Having said all that, I am enjoying the World Cup immensely. On the other hand, I can hardly wait for all this football to be over so that I can watch my favourite T.V. show, "The Muppets". Come to think of it, the B.B.C. World Cup panel.

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

Switzerland search for the perfect league system

SWITZERLAND'S football legislators, who for some years now have been searching for a new championship formula, have still not come up with the right answer. The present system, still on trial, has not been a success. Neither the clubs, nor the Football Federation (SFV), nor indeed, or should I say especially the fans, are happy with a League in which after the conventional home and away games have been concluded, six teams move on to another pool to decide the title, whilst the remaining six fight it out just against relegation.

Worse still, is the rule whereby the clubs take half the points total forward, with uneven figures rounded off upwards! The reason behind this quaint method was simply this: It is generally accepted that Switzerland cannot support a bigger First Divsion than that comprising twelve clubs. On the other hand the clubs are demanding, for financial reasons, more than the 22 championship matches which they would get.

The present unsatisfactory system provides them with 32 League fixtures a season. In addition of course to the SFV-Cup and the League Cup. Switzerland in fact is the only country on the Continent which has a League Cup. England and Scotland are the only other nations who organise such a competition.

The failure of the present formula is also evident in crowd statistics — but then why should the fans watch four League matches between the same teams during one term? The latest proposals to re-organise the Swiss League yet again envisage the retention of twelve clubs, but without the controversial play-off for the title and relegation respectively, and without those "half-points". Instead, three rounds between the same clubs giving a total of 33 matches. And the Second Division (National-Liga B), to be increased to 28 clubs, divided into two regional Leagues, each with 14 teams.

This plan would be in line with the demands of the big clubs for a twelve-team First Division. Secondly, the championship would once again be normal with full points from every match. Thus the top clashes would only be staged three times instead of four.

Of course the new proposals raise one big question mark: Three rounds mean that some clubs will play two matches at home and one away. It could also happen that a team meets all the strong opponents at home and the weak away! Finacially this problem can be resolved, for the third game between the clubs will mean shared receipts.

On the whole Swiss football looks back on a very mixed season. The outstanding team have been the country's record champions and record cup winners Grasshoppers Zurich. They won their first League title since 1971, reached the finals in both the SFV-Cup and the League Cup and made the semi-finals in the UEFA-Cup.

The "Hoppers" entered those finals in brilliant style. They slammed FC Basel by 5-1 to reach the principal SFV-Cup final and then the FC Zurich also by 5-1 to sweep into the final of the League Cup.

The final of the SFV-Cup between Grasshoppers and Servette ended 2-2 a.e.t. and had to be replayed. Before a crowd of 33,000, as usual at the Wankdorf stadium in Bern, both sides gave their fans plenty to cheer. Excitement reached fever pitch between the 60th and 64th minutes when three goals were scored, but subsequently even a further 30 minutes of extra time failed to produce a result.

In the replay Servette appeared much fresher than their opponents and little wonder, for this was Grasshoppers' 74th match of the season! Servette won 1-0, thanks to a 17th minute goal from their French forward Jean-Christophe Thouvenel. This was also the last game here for the former England and Tottenham striker Martin Chivers, who wanted to stay on, but the Geneva club would not offer him a new contract.

The League Cup final Grasshoppers v. St Gallen will probably be staged in August because there were simply no free dates available.

The biggest disappointment have been Grasshoppers' local rivals FC Zurich. Last years semi-finalists in the European Cup, the FCZ began the rejuvenation process of its ageing team a shade too late. Now they didn't even qualify for any European competition. Swiss football will be represented next season by Grasshoppers (Champions Cup) Servette (Cup Winners Cup), Basel and Lausanne (UEFA-Cup).

And now Zurich's manager, the German "Timo" Konietzka, has left of his own accord to take over Young Boys of Bern. Konietzka who led Zurich in over 300 games felt that the club and players needed a fresh face and a new impetus. President Edi Naegeli didn't wait long — barely a week later he engaged the famous Yugoslav Zlatko "Tschik" Cajkovski (54).

The former international half back was capped 57 times by Yugoslavia and played for a "Rest of the World XI" in 1953. He has coached successfully in West Germany with top clubs, including Bayern Munich and FC Cologne.

This past season Cajkovski led AEK Athens to their first ever "double". But having spent so much time in German-speaking countries "Tschik" felt happier there than in alien Greece. And although he was paid by AEK £2,700 a month, he expects to be financially just as well off in Switzerland. Zurich have incidentally also engaged his compatriot Jurica Jerkovic, an international forward from Hajduk Split.

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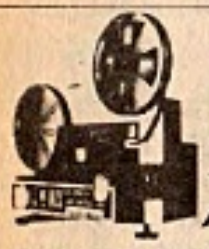

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RIVER PLATE TOP

RIVER Plate and Boca Juniors, Argentina's most popular and best supported clubs, were jointly topping the Metropolitan First Division with only one match to go before the tournament went into a six-week recess during the World Cup.

River Plate are there in spite of now having five players away in the World Cup team — half Alonso was finally called up to join team mates Fillol (goal), Passarella (back), Ortiz and Luque (forwards) in the squad — and trying to play attacking soccer all the way under coach Labruna (the club's former international insider) and scoring 32 goals to 21 against in 14 games. Boca Juniors, on the other hand, had just reached the top after dropping points earlier while playing reserve teams during the time they were playing for the Europe-South America and Inter-Continental cups.

But they have no players in the World Cup squad — except for defender Tarantini who is now a free agent and will not return to the club anyway — and continuing to play the often rough defence and counter attack game under coach Lorenzo which has produced only 18 goals (14 against) in 14 games. Both have 8-3-3 records with six games to go for the halfway stage . . . which indicates that they have not exactly had an easy time.

In fact, Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata virtually have a better record (6-6-1), a point behind the leaders with a game in hand. They score few goals — only 12 in 13 games — but have the best defensive record in the league with only seven against. They have no stars and their main quality under coach Varacka is fighting for the ball all the time.

Opponents are finding it difficult to play against them and in the last match they ended River Plate's nine games unbeaten run with a 2-1 victory . . . and they had a penalty stopped as well. By then Alonso — who is still league top scorer with 13 — was already in the World Cup squad, but J. Lopez, another half who, many say, should be in the national team, held midfield control, but it wasn't enough.

From ERIC WEIL in South America

Meanwhile Gimnasia's La Plata neighbours, Estudiantes, of Libertadores Cup fame, are next to bottom and in relegation danger as two teams go down.

ELSEWHERE . . .

IN BRAZIL, the first stage of the national championship has ended with all the 74 clubs in South America's biggest domestic competition still continuing in the fray.

The 36 leading teams from six groups now go into four quarter-final groups of nine teams each from which the top six go into the semi-final stage. The remaining 38 teams play in six "losers" groups from which only the winner of each goes into the semi-final stage. All the country's leading clubs made the top groups of the tournament.

IN CHILE, newly promoted Cobreloa, who won their first eight First Division games, lost two in a row, but then returned to winning form and still lead the table by two points from popular Colo Colo.

IN PERU, provincial clubs Juan Aurich and Union Huaral in the north section and Coronel Bolognesi in the South top the regional championship with only one game to go. Sporting Cristal, with 10 men away in the World Cup squad, not surprisingly languish at the bottom of the north section, but champions Alianza Lima, with eight men in the squad, have shown surprising reserve strength. Winning their last three games, they are now only a point behind section leaders Bolognesi.

IN VENEZUELA, Portuguesa, league champions for the last four years, have been lining up reserves in the pre-season Venezuela Cup tournament while they have taken part in the Libertadores Cup, but it seems that some of these players were not properly registered and the management committee has forfeited the only three points they have won.

Universidad de los Andes, one of the newer clubs, has virtually won group B (with a seven point lead), although Estudiantes, with matches in hand, could still catch them up, while Valencia are almost home with a four point lead in section A. But the top two of each group play in the final round, the winner of which will also represent Venezuela in the next "Simon Bolivar" tournament against champions of Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru and Colombia.

River Plate key man Alonso (right) gets two past two All Boys defenders in his team's 5-2 in the Argentine First Division.

Cerro Porteño progress

THE 1978 Libertadores Cup competition, already lacking continuity because of stoppage during the World Cup and having to take second place to it this season, is also beset by off-field problems causing more hold-ups. Following the incident of the kidnapped referee which resulted in the temporary suspension of Venezuelan champions Portuguesa and a hold-up in group 5, government intervention of the Ecuador FA stopped the start of group one play in which clubs of that country were due to face Argentina's representatives.

Portuguesa were suspended from the tournament with two games to play because furious fans held up the car in which Colombian referee Orlando Sanchez was returning from the Portuguesa-Cerro Porteño match in Venezuela (which ended in a 1-1 draw) and tortured him – apparently angry that he had allowed too much overtime during which Cerro equalised.

The suspension was eventually lifted and replaced by a 5,000 dollar fine and Portuguesa travelled to Asuncion to play their two remaining games, both of which they had to win to overtake group leaders Cerro Porteño – or at least gain three points to force a playoff for a semi-final place.

The Venezuelan champions managed to beat Libertad 2-1 to maintain their hopes, but Cerro Porteño beat them 1-0 with a goal only four minutes from the end. The Paraguayan champions attacked all the way (although a draw would have sufficed) and deserved to qualify for the semi-final stage, joining group three winners Atletico Mineiro of Brazil.

Group 1, which should have started with four games to be played in Ecuador by Argentina's River Plate and Independiente against Nacional and Liga Deportiva Universitaria, was temporarily suspended while government intervention of the Ecuador FA (which could lose its FIFA affiliation) was being investigated. But the matter is unclear and the motive seems to be soccer politics.

Ecuador FA representative Cesar Carrera voted for the re-election of Peru's Teofilo Salinas for another term as president of the South American Football Confederation, backed by his FA which later, when pressured by the government over the matter, denounced "government intervention". A government spokesman had said however that this is not so.

Meanwhile Uruguay, who failed to qualify for this year's World Cup, may also find its clubs making an early exit from the Libertadores Cup, although both Peñarol and Danubio play all their remaining group 4 games at home. Deportivo Cali and Atletico Junior are first and second . . . and unbeaten. Both Peñarol and Danubio played defensively in Colombia with little success and even failed to score in the four games. Famous cup fighters Peñarol lost both games 1-0, while Danubio drew 0-0 with Junior, but lost 2-0 to Cali.

No further Libertadores Cup games were scheduled until after the World Cup.

CLASSIFIED RESULTS

April 25
URUGUAY (0) 2 (Maneiro, Morena)
ARGENTINA (0) 0

Uruguay: Rodriguez, De los Santos, Salomón, Gimenez, Di Bartolomeo, Carrasco, Graffigna (Unanue), Maneiro, Alzamendi (Godoy), Morena, Ocampo.

Argentina: Baley, Pagnanini, L. Galvan, Killer, Bottaniz, Larrosa (Valencia), R. Galvan (Oviedo), Villa, Houseman, Bravo, Bertoni.

May 1
BRAZIL (1) 3 (Zico, Reinaldo 2)
PERU (0) 0

Brazil: Leao, Toninho, Oscar, Amaral, Edinho, Cerezo, Batista, Rivelino (Dirceu), Ze Sergio, Zico, Nunes (Reinaldo).

Peru: Quiroga, Navarro, Manzo, Chumpitaz, Diaz, Velazquez, Quesada (Gorriti), Cubillas, Muñante (Mosquera), Rojas (De la Rosa), Oblitas.

May 3
ARGENTINA (1) 3 (Luque, Ardiles, Alonso)
URUGUAY (0) 0

Argentina: Fillol, Olguin, L. Galvan, Passarella, Tarantini, Ardiles, Gallego, Valencia (Alonso), Houseman, Luque (Oviedo), Ortiz (Barton).

Uruguay: Rodriguez, De los Santos, Salomón, Peruena (Gimenez), Di Bartolomeu, Carrasco (Montero Castillo), Graffigna (Unanue), Maneiro, Alzamendi, Morena, Ocampo.

May 17
BRAZIL (1) 2 (Reinaldo, Zico)
CZECHOSLOVAKIA (0) 0

Brazil: Leao, Ze Maria, Oscar, Amaral, Edinho, Cerezo, Batista, Rivelino, Ze Sergio, Zico, Reinaldo.

Czechoslovakia: Hruska, Barmos, Fiala, Ondrus, Gogh, Kozak, Janusek, Bisky, Masny, Nehoda, Kroupe.

LIBERTADORES CUP
(South American club championship)
(Group 4)
DEPORTIVO CALI (Colombia) (1) 1 (Scotta)
PEÑAROL (Uruguay) (0)

Dep. Cali: Zape, Ospina, Escobar, Montufar, Casino, Calero, Landucci, Umaña, Torres, Scotta, Benitez.

Peñarol: Fossatti, Gonzalez, Olivera, Kenet, Zoryez, Maneiro, Unanue, Dittman, Ramos, Morena, Curz.

JUNIOR BARANQUILLA (Colombia) (0) 0
DANUBIO (Uruguay) (0) 0

Junior: Carrabo, Bolaño, Amaya, Reyes, Verdugo, Caicedo, Comesaña, Arango, Vasquez, Santelli, Pacheco (Valenciano).

Danubio: Apolinario, Pereyra, Noble, Moreira, Luthar, Rivero, Roo, Correa, Santin, Viera, Rodriguez (Duque).

May 18
JUNIOR BARANQUILLA (Colombia) (1) 1 (Arango)
PEÑAROL (Uruguay) (0) 0
DEPORTIVO CALI (Colombia) (1) 2 (Scotta, Benitez)
DANUBIO (Uruguay) (0) 0

Group 4 Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dep. Cali (Colombia)	3	2	1	0	2	0	5
Junior (Colombia)	3	1	2	0	2	0	4
Peñarol (Uruguay)	3	1	0	2	4	4	2
Danubio (Uruguay)	3	0	1	2	2	6	1

Group 5
April 25
CERRO PORTEÑO (Paraguay) (0) 1 (Chiappe o.g.)
ESTUDIANTES (Venezuela) (0) 1 (Chiazaro pen.)

Cerro Porteño: Jimenez Aguilera, Instran, Ovelar, Carmona, Alfuch, Gonzalez, Sanabria, Pesoa, Battaglia, Florentin, Jimenez.

Estudiantes: Bricaño, Contreras, Chiappe, Scaminacci, Cossu, Cloquet, Scarpecio, Campos, Napolotti, Chiaczaro, Pellegrini.

(Changes: Estudiantes: Pomarico for Pellegrini, Ortiz for Campos; Cerro: Gonzalez for Pesoa)

April 28
LIBERTAD (Paraguay) (2) 2 (Scaminacci o.g., Espinola pen.)
ESTUDIANTES (Venezuela) (1) 1 (Cossu)

Libertad: Saez, Espinola (Benitez), Benitez Iossi, Villalba, Bernal, Colman, Huespe, Escobar (Martinetti), Flecha, Morel, Dos Santos.

Estudiantes: Bricaño, Contreras, Chiappe, Scaminacci, Napolotti, Cossu, Cloquet (Salazar), Scarpeccio, Ortiz, Ciazaro, Pellegrini (Campos).

May 2
LIBERTAD (Paraguay) 1
PORTUGUESA (Venezuela) 2

May 5
CERRO PORTEÑO (Paraguay) (0) 1 (Bataglia)
PORTUGUESA (Venezuela) 0

Group 5 Final Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cerro Porteño (Paraguay)	6	3	3	0	7	4	9
Portuguesa (Venezuela)	6	2	2	2	5	5	6
Estudiantes (Venezuela)	6	1	3	2	7	8	5
Libertad (Paraguay)	6	1	2	3	4	6	4

OTHER INTERNATIONALS
Peru select 3 Independiente (Argentina) 1 (May 8); Peru select 4 Huracan (Argentina) 2 (May 12); Peru select 6 Danubio (Uruguay) 0 (May 20).

Next month World Cup Analysis in words and pictures from Brian Glanville, Keir Radnedge, Eric Batty and Eric Weil, only in WORLD SOCCER.

Sad exit for Schoen

HELMUT SCHOEN, whose success in football management is unlikely to be equalled, departed the World Cup stage a dejected man.

His record in 14 years leading West Germany is phenomenal — a first, second and third in the World Cup — a first and second in the European Championship.

But his final squad faded out of the 1978 championship in a manner which left him bitter and sad.

He didn't expect them to retain the trophy, but he did expect them to go out with honour intact and mark the end of his career with a dash of style.

After packing his bags, the 62-year-old man in the cap said: "I'm very disappointed. The team didn't play well, and against Austria they played very badly.

"I don't usually criticise my players and I don't like to, but too many of them didn't play as they can and should."

West German and Polish players exchange shirts after th opening game 0-0 draw.

Schoen was particularly critical of Rainer Bonhof, who went Argentina labelled one of the best midfield players in the world y performed miserably.

"I'm sure we would have done so much better in this tournament Bonhof had played as he did in 1974," said Schoen.

"I have told you all along that this side is not as good as the '74 tea I hoped we would do better, but to win you have to have great players

The world, of course, will remember Schoen as the man who h great players and great teams. Seeler, Haller, Beckenbauer, Mulle Maier, Netzer and Overath all played for him.

He nominates the 1972 European Championship-winning side his greatest. "I was lucky to have such a wonderful team as that."

Germany's failure to reach the last four cost them £5,000 a m bonus money.

They received £5,000 extra for progressing to the second round a were on as much again for making the third place play-off match.

But skipper Berti Vogts said: "What really hurts is that we ha played very badly. We have to accept that we are no longer the best the world."

That is a sad final comment on a Schoen team. But perhaps he m yet hang up his cap a contented man.

His contract ends in December and in October West Germany pl Hungary in Frankfurt to honour him. Surely they won't fail him the

Jackie Charlton, Giancinto Facchetti and Ian St. John, th famous ex-internationals in Argentina.

HISTORY OF THE

WORLD CUP

FOREWORD BY SIR ALF RAMSEY

The World Cup tournament in Argentina in mid-1978 is the eleventh final, and if previous World Cups are a guide the three weeks or so of the tournament will be watched by over 500 million TV viewers in over 90 countries of the world.

This book, with the help of over 160 photographs relates its history from the first competition in Uruguay in 1930 to the exciting Final in West Germany in 1974.

All the great names are here, including Pelé, Franz Beckenbauer Johan Cruyff and Bobby Moore.

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Obtainable from: W.H. Smith, J. Menzies and leading booksellers.

Michael Archer

CRONUS 'MAN OF THE MONTH'

Mario Kempes

DURING the World Cup finals hundreds of letters arrived at the WORLD SOCCER offices nominating players — and a few managers and referees — for the Cronus "Man of the Month" award. And though a decision was taken before the end of the matches in Argentina the vast majority of voters plumped for Mario Kempes. Following his two goals for Argentina in the World Cup Final against Holland, WORLD SOCCER Editor Philip Rising added his vote to the name of Mario Kempes, who will receive a splendid digital stopwatch from Cronus. Kempes is pictured below scoring the first of his two Final goals.

Thumbs up for Argentina from President Jorge Rafael Videla after his country's World Cup Final win against Holland.

Mario Kempes scores his second goal against Holland in the first period of extra time in the 1978 World Cup Final.

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Nanninga scores for Holland against Argentina in the World Cup Final to force extra time.

No place for China

From ERIC WEIL

ONCE again FIFA, at their Buenos Aires Congress on the eve of the World Cup, failed to take a decision on the thorny question of China.

After day-long discussion the matter was referred to the Executive Committee which, in turn, decided to leave the matter to the 1980 Congress. So the ball is kicked back and forth yet again.

As a result Taiwan continue in membership for at least two more years and China will not join as their stated policy is not to apply until Taiwan are out.

Iran proposed China's admission in place of Taiwan and a Brazilian amendment called on the Executive Committee to adopt measures in line with FIFA rules that only one association may represent each country, and that in this case the FA of China was best qualified for the job.

The amendment was approved 57-46, but there the matter rests.

FIFA President, Joao Havelange (later re-elected for four more years) said the Executive would study the matter for a couple of years then call an extraordinary Congress to consider a decision.

It is thus unlikely FIFA will pursue the threat of disciplinary action against the Asian Confederation who have already voted themselves to replace Taiwan with China.

The Congress voted 96 to four in favour of permitting 16, 20 or 24 finalists in future World Cups and at a later Press Conference Spanish Federation President, Pablo Porta, said a meeting would be held in December to decide on the number for the 1982 finals.

But Havelange made clear that any country organising future World Cups would have to make a request to FIFA to increase the number of finalists.

Havelange believes that few countries are in a position to stage an enlarged tournament. He mentioned seven — Brazil, France, West Germany, England, Sweden, Italy and Spain.

Other matters . . . the Congress rejected 38-10 a request from Israel that FIFA intercede on their behalf with UEFA, recommending their acceptance as members . . . Ecuador were provisionally suspended for 30 days because the FA had been subject to government intervention (the problem has since been solved and the suspension lapsed) . . . Canada have applied for the 1990 World Cup Finals but a decision will not be made before 1982 . . . Australia and the United States applied to stage the Junior World Cup in 1981 and 1983.

● Continued from page 27

Brian Glanville

Never have I seen two wearier, m feeble, performances by the Brazilians th those I watched at Mar del Plata against Spaniards and the Austrians. It was really though they had been drained of all th brio, fantasy and **joie de vivre,** *though th did, as we know, rise from what appeared be their death bed to reach the finals; rat as they did in 1974. To a great extent, blame must, I suppose, be laid at the doo the likeable Claudio Coutinho, though would never have thought so a year ago*

When England played Brazil at Maracana in 1977, drawing with them Brazil clearly had some way to go, but least such players as Francisco Marinho, overlapping blond left-back, always a gn thorn in England's flesh, and the excit Paulo Cesar, on the left wing, were still rou and about. Coutinho was being criticis and parodied in the Brazilian sports Press his insistence on what he called "polyvale football, but all this meant, as he explained me in Rio, was Total Football; and what w wrong with that?

Then came the policy of Bismarck blood and iron, an evident attempt to more European than the Europeans, clearly doomed and destined to fail. We s the Brazilians kicking furiously a abominably at Wembley, but when they to Mar del Plata, they seemed unable to even that. True, the pitch was an u disgrace. As Miguel, the excellent Span centre-half, observed to me after he played against a Brazilian team he did rate at all, the conditions were quite inimi to their kind of football.

Inspiration

Yet when you see fine players perform as badly as did Zico, Cerezo and others Mar del Plata, you know something has go wrong. Luckily for Brazil, Cerezo, who natural, delightful penchant is to atte came to life at last in the third game, when was the inspiration, if that is the word, Brazil's victory against a flaccid Austri team.

The strange confusion of FIFA, ineptitude of their legal drafting, was th exposed when it became uncertain wheth Brazil with two goals against one, or Austr with three against two should be head of group. The Austrians really threw away goal with which Brazil beat them, otherw the question need not have been raised all.

But the disappointing stopper Pezz and his defence, allowed Toninho's cross soar over the heads and drop, on the post, just at Roberto's feet. By the sa token, Brazil had the luck of the devil wh Cardenosa made that extraordinary miss the Spanish game, delaying his shot into empty goal long enough for Amaral scamper back and block it on the line. It w the sort of fortune with which you could the World Cup, and perhaps the Irish Swe But Brazil must open the career to tale again; and soon.

THIRD PLACE FOR BRAZIL

from Keir Radnedge

SAD BRAZIL. If there was any honour in finishing third in this manner, then Italy can console themselves that Brazil are welcome to it.

Someone said sarcastically, leaving River Plate: Brazil are getting better — fourth last time, now third. I replied that if they increased the number of faceless belligerents next time they might even finish second and, the world cup after next, they can kick their way to first place easily because no one will want to play them.

If that sounds extreme, it is because finally, at the end of the World Cup, it's time to say exactly what I think of Brazil '78.

A disgrace.

Not just to their fans, the "torcida", who expected so much more. Not just to those players of skill in their squad (and those they left at home). But most of all to the fabulous reputation established by Pele, Didi, Garrincha, Jairzinho, Nilton and Djalma Santos.

Now that is just memory. Even the last survivor of the 1970 World Cup winners, Roberto Rivelino, was exposed here as a player whose only interest appeared to be to tease, niggle and generally make himself as unpleasant as possible.

All the serious trouble in the third place match came after Rivelino's 63rd minute arrival in place of Toninho Cerezo. That was no coincidence.

When Mario Zagalo attempted to make Brazil so purposeful and boring in 1974 I thought the same mistake could never be repeated. Instead, not only did Claudio Coutinho repeat it, he extended the experiment to even more dire lengths.

When he brought Brazil to Europe for their pre-World Cup tour it was clear that when Coutinho talked about adding speed and strength to the natural Brazilian game, the effect was to turn them into a team for whom desperation tactics meant everything.

The 1-1 draw with England at Wembley was proof. At the time everyone thought maybe Brazil just went over the top on the night and the balance would be put right in the World Cup. Now we know better. Brazil came to the World Cup with too many players ready to kick and too few ready to play football.

In the third place match we saw some marvellous moments, in particular from midfielders Batista and Dirceu and the adept and mobile forward Reinaldo.

But all their impressive work was overriden by the kicking. Not that it was expected, either. Third place matches usually generate so little excitement the players can scarcely be bothered to kick the ball, let alone each other.

Italy were without the suspended Tardelli and Benetti and the injured Zaccarelli, while the Brazilians couldn't include Zico because of injury, and Rivelino was agains on the subs' bench.

As against Holland, Italy dominated the opening minutes. Zoff had only a 10th-minute save from Gil to make, and it was a measure of Brazilian anxiety that Nelinho was booked for fouling Antonio Cabrini just three minutes before the Italians went ahead in the 38th minute.

Antognoni brought the ball up the right, released to Paolo Rossi, and Franco Causio was at the far post to head in his chipped cross. Two minutes later Causio hit the bar after Leao failed to hold an Aldo Maldera shot and then the goalkeeper was fortunate to push inside a shot from Rossi after a beautiful through pass by Antonello Cuccureddu.

Italy were well on top but after Batista was booked for fouling Bettega, referee Abraham Klein — in the middle of an off day — blew for half-time and the 15-minute break turned the game around.

Italy's key players — Bettega, Scirea, Causio and Rossi — were tiring fast and early in the second half it became obvious they weren't sure how to cope with the excellent Batista in midfield.

No one got to grips with him and after both Maldrea and Claudio Gentile were lucky to escape with fouls on Mendonca and Roberto in the penalty box, Brazil struck a remarkable equaliser. It was a goal which heralded the forthcoming replacement of Zoff.

Nelinho struck his 63rd-minute shot with vicious ferocity from out on the right, but Zoff was badly caught napping — especially after Holland's match-winning double long-range salvo.

As Brazil trotted back to restart, so Rivelino came on for Cerezzo and that was the signal for the game to fall apart. The Italians weren't angels, but some of the attempted tackling (if that isn't to demean the word) by the likes of Mendonca and Oscar was awful. The Italians' control and concentration completely disappeared and Dirceu smashed in a 71st minute winner after Mendonca chested down Rivelino's cross.

A minute later Gentile was booked for a swipe at Rivelino. Italy, so impressive in the first round, had none of the luck. In the last minute poor Bettega saw his header hit the bar and bounce over.

It has been suggested that if the finals are enlarged for 20 or 24 teams, then the runners-up and third-placed teams should be granted automatic entry along with the holders.

I shudder to think what sort of mayhem that incentive would have produced.

Italy: Zoff — Cuccureddu, Gentile, Scirea, Cabrini — P. Sala, Antognoni (C. Sala 76), Maldera — Causio, Rossi, Bettega.

Brazil: Leao — Nelinho, Oscar, Amaral, Rodrigues Neto — Batista, Cerezo (Rivelino 63), Dirceu — Gil (Reinaldo 46), Roberto, Mendonca.

Referee: A. Klein (Israel).

Goals: Italy — Causio 38; Brazil — Nelinho 63, Dirceu 71.

● *Continued from page 35*

The game itself was no classic, but was typical of an English First Division League match in that it was a battle such as one might see between say Liverpool and Manchester City, fought at a ferocious pace.

Scotland might have scored early on when Willie Johnstone's cross was played on to Dalglish who turned the ball back nicely for Asa Hartford. But his chip just clipped the England crossbar after being deflected by an England defender. From the resultant corner Ray Clemence was beaten in the air by Kenny Burns but nothing came of it.

Jordan was being generally well held by England and presumably in his frustration he had two goes at Emlyn Hughes and later had another unnecessary go at Mick Mills for which he got a yellow card.

For all Scotland's pressure they were making little impact on the England rearguard, partly because Johnston's final ball too often went astray. But it also raised doubts about Jordan, who, for all his physical qualities and ability in the air, gets so few goals for Scotland.

Automatic

Few will argue Dalglish and Johnston are automatic choices for the Scots, but I have the feeling that Derek Johnstone will eventually prove to be a better bet than Jordan for the number nine shirt.

Paul Mariner was having an equally difficult time at the other end for England, and though Scotland were on top for most of the game, they created only one clear cut chance when Willie Johnston cleared the England defence with a cross from the left, to leave Hartford sprinting in, the chance to volley what would have been a fine goal. Unfortunately for the Scots, Hartford mis-hit his shot and Clemence saved easily.

Scottish fans will console themselves with the fact that they had more of the play, but as so often happens at top level, the team on the wrong end of a battering, snatched the winner.

Only goal

England had improved considerably in the second half when Mr. Greenwood reorganised his team to play Steve Coppell in a full midfield role, and six minutes from the end they scored what proved to be the only goal.

Substitute Brooking gave Barnes a ball when well positioned with time to spare and his cross resulted in a duel between Alan Rough in goal and Francis. I saw no foul here, regarding the incident as an error of judgement by the keeper, but at all events, Rough got both hands to the ball and failed to hold it.

Coppell was the first to react, and nicely placed, he scored his first England goal, to give England the British championship.

LEAGUE TABLES

ARGENTINA
Metropolitan First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
River Plate	14	8	3	3	32	21	19
Boca Juniors	14	8	3	3	18	14	19
Gimnasia y Esg. La P.	13	6	6	1	12	7	18
Quilmes	14	7	3	4	21	20	17
Racing	13	7	3	3	24	16	17
Newell's Old Boys	13	5	5	3	23	12	15
Colon Santa Fe	13	6	3	4	26	22	15
Union Santa Fe	13	6	3	4	21	15	15
Union Santa Fe	13	6	3	4	21	15	15
Rosario Central	13	4	6	3	13	9	14
Independiente	13	5	3	5	27	20	13
Huracan	14	4	5	5	17	18	13
Velez Sarsfield	13	3	7	3	12	14	13
Banfield	14	2	8	4	19	25	12
San Lorenzo	13	4	4	5	13	15	12
Argentinos Juniors	13	4	3	6	19	22	11
Atlanta	14	3	5	6	18	23	11
Estudiantes B'nos Aires	13	3	5	5	17	23	11
Platense	14	3	5	6	17	28	11
All Boys	13	3	3	7	9	18	9
Estudiantes La Plata	13	3	2	8	14	16	8
Chacarita Juniors	13	1	4	8	6	20	6

CHILE
(First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cobreloa	11	9	0	2	22	10	18
Colo Colo	11	7	2	2	29	20	16
Everton	11	5	4	2	27	14	14
O'Higgins	10	6	2	2	20	13	14
Palestino	8	7	0	1	20	7	14
Aviacion	11	5	3	3	24	20	13
Lota Schwager	11	4	4	3	16	15	12
Universidad Catolica	11	4	4	3	19	10	12
Audax Italiano	11	3	4	4	15	14	10
Universidad de Chile	11	2	6	3	14	14	10
Union Española	8	3	3	2	13	13	9
Nubiense	11	3	3	5	12	24	9
Huachipato	11	3	2	6	12	17	8
Concepcion	10	2	3	5	14	20	7
Green Cross	11	1	5	5	19	37	7
Santiago Morning	11	1	4	6	14	26	6
Rangers	10	2	1	7	14	29	5
Coquimbo	10	1	2	7	9	18	4

BOLIVIA
Professional Major League

Leaders: 1. Bolivar 7 pts (4 games); 2. Wilsterman 6 (3).

URUGUAY
First Division (after 12 games)

1) Peñarol (1 game less), Nacional 20 pts; 3) Defensor, Danubio, Sudamerica 13; 6) Fenix (1 game less) 12; 7) Wanderers 11; 8) Cerro 10; 9) Bella Vista, Huracan Buceo 9; 11) Rentistas 7; 12) Liverpool 5.

PERU
Regional Tournament (one game to go)

North Section	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Juan Aurich	13	7	3	3	22	15	17
Union Huaral	13	6	5	2	22	15	17
Dep. Junin	13	5	6	2	20	16	16
Sport Boys	13	5	4	4	21	19	14
Universitario	13	4	5	4	15	13	13
Atletico Torino	13	5	3	5	19	21	13
Colegio Nac. Iquitos	13	2	4	7	9	13	8
Sporting Cristal	13	2	2	9	14	30	6

South Section	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Coronel Bolognesi	13	8	2	3	18	14	18
Alianza Lima	13	6	5	2	24	11	17
Defensor Lima	13	6	3	4	18	16	15
Dep. Municipal	13	5	4	4	19	16	14
Alfonso Ugarte	13	3	6	4	14	16	12
Melgar	13	3	6	4	13	15	12
Leon de Huanuco	13	3	5	5	12	17	11
Atletico Chalaco	13	1	3	9	12	25	5

COLOMBIA
"Apertura" Championship (4 games to go)

1) Nacional Medellin 26 pts; 2) Deportivo Cali, America Cali 25; 4) Bucaramanga, Cucuta 24; 6) Independiente Santa Fe, Union Magdalena 22; 8) Quindio 21; 9) Cristal Caldas, Millionarios, Junior 20; 12) Medellin 17; 13) Tolima 16; 14) Pereira 8.

VENEZUELA
Venezuela Cup

Group A	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Valencia	8	5	3	0	16	2	13
Miranda	7	3	3	1	9	5	9
Portugues	8	2	4	2	11	6	8
Italia	8	3	1	4	8	8	7
Universidad Oriente	7	2	1	4	5	17	5
Galicia	8	1	2	5	3	14	4

Group B:	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Univ. de Los Andes	9	7	2	0	19	5	16
Tachira	8	3	3	2	11	8	9
Estudiantes Merida	6	3	2	1	5	2	8
Atletico Zamora	7	4	0	3	14	12	8
Lara	7	0	2	5	5	20	2
Portuguesa (X)	5	1	1	3	5	9	0

(X) 3 pts taken off by league committee.

PARAGUAY
First Division (after 7 games)

1) Libertad 9 pts; 2) Olimpia, Sol de America, Guarani 8; 5) Sportivo Luqueño, Cerro Porteño, Rubio Nu 7; 8) River Plate, Nacional 6; 10) Tembetary 2.

ECUADOR Championship:

Division A: 1) Nacional de Quito 10 pts; 2) Dep. Cuenca 7; 3) Tecnico Universitario, Universidad Catolica, Liga Deportiva Universitaria de Quito 6; 6) Barcelona de Guayaquil, Manta, Universidad de Portoviejo, Deportivo Quito, Emelec 5. Division B: 1) America, Liga Deportiva Universitaria, Everest, Aucas, Bonita Banana 9; 6) Audaz Octubrino 7; 7) Valdez 6; 8) Nueve de Octubre, Luq San 5; 10) Deportivo Quevedo 3; 11) Olmedo 2; 12) Milagro 1.

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